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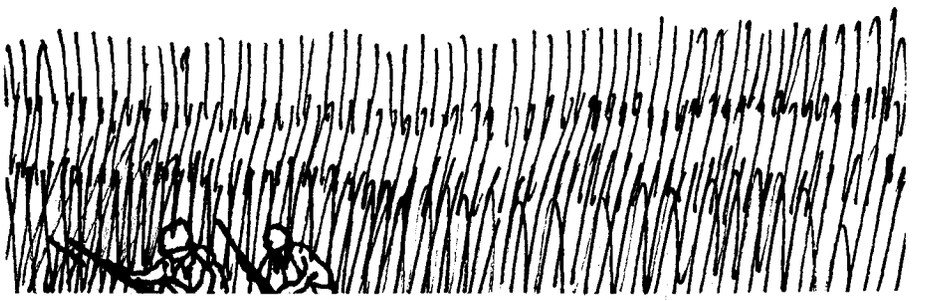
# commonweal



# BANKRUPTCY OF THE LIBERALS

*Carl Oglesby*

## *A RESPONSE TO OGLESBY*

*Peter Steinfels*

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## THE COUNCIL ENDS

*Gregory Baum*

## THE PUERTO RICANS

*Richard M. Elman*

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# NEWS AND VIEWS

On December 15, mixed in with the Christmas mail, unseasonal letters went out to some members of the St. John's faculty. The next day the story broke: three teachers had been fired. By the afternoon, the figure was up to seven, and by the weekend twenty-three. The great purge was on.

At this writing, the casualty list has reached 31. Almost all of the teachers had in some way been involved in the two-year dispute with the unbudgeable Vincentian Administration over academic freedom and paternalism. The Vincentians timed the firings to coincide with the start of a 2½-week vacation period, apparently hoping to smother protest. A fruitless hope, of course.

The story has been on Page One of the New York *Times* nearly every day for more than a week. The wire services and TV networks have also been on hand to show how St. John's treats its dissenters. An anxious mother called up St. John's to ask who is going to instruct her son if so many of his teachers have been fired in mid-term. A spokesman told her smoothly not to worry – a number of well-trained Vincentian seminarians are standing by to fill in.

What is the dispute all about? The press is confused. St. John's won't even answer its phones. The teachers relate a long history of Kafkaesque administration decisions and evasions, no one of which is important enough to make much sense out of the current spasm. In their stories the reporters talk about violations of academic freedom, which is misleading – few teachers have been told what they could or could not teach in their classes. Pay and faculty privileges are likewise only side issues.

The real issue is paternalism. The Vincentians have been accustomed to running their university out of their back pocket, with dubious accounting methods, little or no consultation with teachers, students or outside experts.

Teachers have no say in university planning, no real tenure rights (thanks to a careful loophole), no guaranteed salary scale (pay can be lowered if a teacher makes an unwelcome innovation), no permanency of rank, no grievance machinery. Often a professor may not even switch his textbook without written permission of the department chairman and the board of trustees. (The trustees, of course, are not really separate from the Administration, as in almost every other college, but Vincentians themselves.) Teachers are taught to look to the Vincentians for permission for even the most picayune decisions that are left to the faculty of any moderately respectable university.

The President of St. John's –first Father Burke (who was removed abruptly last summer after making a botch of things) and now the new president Father Cahill – is accustomed to invoke "father" images. The father directs his entire family, and makes *all* its decisions. The notion of authority is strictly pre-Council. The Vincentians have made their point more than once: all authority comes from God, and in this case it has come from God to the Vincentians. Canon law and curial pronouncements are cited to bolster the argument that authority simply cannot be shared. Those without it (laymen, non-Vincentian priests and students) can only obey. Any desire to do more than simply obey is a strike at the whole divinely-ordained structure. This is why Father Cahill could say, as he did two weeks ago, that the dissenters at St. John's were "attacking the very foundation on which the university and its ideals are based."

The Vincentians are frightened, and for the best part of two years they have responded in the only way that their training and conception of the Church allow them to respond. What they fear is not only that the university will slip from their grasp, but that it will cease to be Catholic. In the Vincentian conception, Catholic wisdom is something imposed from above. Teachers are only pipelines for Vincentian-approved ideas. But as Msgr. Clancy, one of the casualties at St. John's, points out, a university cannot be run as "a catechetical extension of a parish."

Philosophy, for instance, is not free inquiry at St. John's, but the class in which traditional Thomism can be handed on intact to students. The idea that the Catholic faith might not be identical with Thomist thought has never gotten very far at St. John's. The Vincentian who, until very recently, was head of the philosophy department said many times that he would never hire anyone but a Thomist. (This is one area in which the academic freedom issue is specific and real.)

For two years, St. John's has found itself badly unable to cope with its growing complaints. Only the consistently bizarre nature of the Administration reactions could have built up a real revolt on a campus where teachers as well as students are traditionally quiet and conservative. In the last few weeks, those reactions have become increasingly un-adult: a priest broke up an impromptu rally in the cafeteria by pulling the plug on the microphone; a scheduled meeting of the faculty planning council was prevented, forcibly, by security guards dispatched by the Vincentians (who decided – unilaterally – that the council had been dissolved); and now, of course, the most unprofessional act of all: 31 teachers dismissed in the middle of a term.

What happens next? The administration disdains public opinion, but may not be able to do so much longer. The National Committee for Defense of Academic Freedom at St. John's University (300 Park Ave. South, New York City 10) will make appeals to foundations, government, alumni and benefactors not to pass any funds onto the university until reforms are made. Potential teachers and students are being urged to try some other college. The AAUP will probably censure St. John's—sometime in 1968, however. The union works more swiftly. The first step is a New York *Times* ad to carry the case to the public; the second will be a teacher strike for January 3 at the university. And more after that.

JOHN LEO



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# CORRESPONDENCE

### *"A Post-Waugh Insight"*

Taunton, England

*To the Editors:* Few, if any, of your readers will remember "A Post-Waugh Insight" in your issue of October 29th, but it is disagreeable to be accused of misrepresentation, so please allow me reply to Mr. Cameron's article. I am the author of the letter in *The Tablet* to which he refers.

The West Country rose against the vernacular prayer book of Edward VI and were massacred by Russell's Lutheran mercenaries but it is a pure coincidence that two of the correspondents quoted by Mr. Cameron are Somerset men. The resentment against the imposition of the new liturgy is widespread throughout England.

Of the quotations from my article "low" for "law" was simply and, I should think, obviously a printer's mistake. The other two are simply Father Ryan's own words.

I should have made it clear that the "underground" of which I wrote has now very much come into the open. Pope John was a conservative with little recent experience of the movements in the Church. I think he had no suspicion of the dangers of calling a general Council. I will not deny that Father John Ryan's "Post-Tribal Worship" deeply shocked me as it has shocked many Englishmen outside Somerset.

I cannot hope to live to see the counter-revolution. There have been many bad periods in the history of the Church. It is our misfortune to be living in one. I confess to vexation when I see it referred to as a "renewal."

EVELYN WAUGH

### *Manhattan College*

Red Bank, N.J.

*To the Editors:* I do wish that Mr. Leo had left the Manhattan College incident out of his list of horror stories (December 10). Freedom is taken quite

(*Continued on page 419*)

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# LAST YEAR'S ILLUSIONS

Was the Christmas Day truce in Vietnam a success or a failure? Most of us will remember it for the buzz of official double-talk, rumor, and conflicting reports, all which went to reduce even this ounce of humanitarian feeling to component parts of moral one-upmanship. So, did it even matter? U.S. officials had hastened to warn that hopes for "something significant," like talks, as a result of the truce were unwarranted. But many people went ahead anyway and hoped. The season may have conspired. In any case, seasons change, and the New Year is a time for putting away last year's illusions.

One of the most clinging of these is the prospect of negotiations. Never have they seemed further away, or quite so close. The "peace feelers" of Hanoi have gotten to be as notorious as Mr. Rusk's sensitive antennae. The latest episode, involving Italian professors, Washington bumbling, and Eastern inscrutability, makes one long for the relative certainty of Gemini countdowns. The positions taken by Hanoi and the U.S., as must be increasingly evident even to unprivileged eyes, are irreconcilable at present.

But while this remains true, Washington has begun what may be the long-hoped-for pause in bombing North Vietnam. Yet to test Hanoi's intentions, it will have to continue a good deal longer than the five days of last May's pause. Five months would be more like it. In the meantime, we have to reckon with the possibility of new escalations, bombing territories in Laos and Cambodia on our side, subverting the Kingdom of Thailand on the Communists'.

Another refurbished 1965 illusion is that the war in Vietnam will be a long one, dragging on for anywhere from 18 months to five years. Statements from Washington have come down preparing Americans for this possibility. Does this mean our officials regard this as



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the most likely prospect at present, or merely the worst, but by no means inevitable? The idea is that the war, with some intensification in fighting, somewhat greater casualties, perhaps a doubling of our troop commitment, will continue along pretty much on the same level as it has. North Vietnam's industries will be hit, but with nothing like the devastation visited upon Germany. Laotian and Cambodian territory will be bombed, and we shall weather the complaints in the U.N. with little loss.

But such a no win-no lose posture is awkward to maintain over long periods. It implies a controlled response in war that the last year has shown to be simply beyond our grasp. It mocks military scripture that since Knute Rockne has said the best defense is a good offense. Yet its sobering intent cannot be missed.

Such a drawn-out war is not, in fact, the worst possibility. A general land war involving much of Southeast Asia is the worst. Nor is a drawn-out war the most likely, for practically it involves going for victory or sacrificing a good deal of military advantage for the sake of a negotiated settlement. It is hard to imagine the former without escalation into a general war, and it is equally difficult to conceive of avoiding a general war without decisively opting for the latter, negotiations.

"The tragic thing," said a Marine during the truce, "is that we don't seem to know what we want. To win? Then do one thing. To negotiate? Then do another. We tried both this time, and that never does work out."

No doubt we will continue trying to do both until circumstances force our hand. What will be the tragedy then? That it was all unnecessary?

## POPE PAUL'S CONTRIBUTION

Determining how to bring moral witness to bear on complicated political and military affairs is no easy matter. As the impact of the Vietnamese war in this country has demonstrated, a plea for a humane solution —say, by negotiation—is too often taken simply as a craven political platform masquerading as morality. Whatever the intrinsic merit of the case put forward by draft-card burners, or by those who have demonstrated against the Vietnamese war, their moral arguments are almost immediately translated by the general public into some other terms: protestors are labeled "cowards," or "leftists," or what have you. The last thing the public seems willing to do is to listen to the moral terms of the protests and (as they well might) reject it on those terms.

However unfair this kind of popular reaction may be —and it usually is—it has to be taken into account. All the greater, then, is the practical value of moral leadership from those whose motives cannot blithely be rationalized away. Pope Paul's many pleas, statements, messages and telegrams in favor of a negotiated settlement in Vietnam have this powerful asset in their favor. His words and his actions have to be taken seriously; only the most perverse and cynical could see his efforts as some kind of special pleading for any of the interested parties. The same can be said of his magnificent gesture of contributing some $150,000 to war victims in both North and South Vietnam.

Equally important, efforts of this kind help to strengthen the standing of others working for peace. The help may be only minimal; papal prestige is not easily transferable and an American Catholic (even a bishop) who donated money for the care of North Vietnamese war victims would doubtless meet violent objections. But even this kind of minimal help is worth having. The deeper America becomes involved in the war, the harder and harder it will become to bring any moral considerations to the eye of the public. There is still time, though very little, to present a moral case for negotiation; the Administration needs to feel moral pressure, and so do the people. The Pope has made a significant contribution, one which may well make a critical difference.

## "VIETNIKS" AND THE F.B.I.

The fact that David Miller—the first draft-card burner —is a clean-cut, quiet and beardless young man must have come as a shock to many of his detractors. "Vietniks," as *Time* magazine coyly calls them, are supposed to look the part. Otherwise we may actually have to take them seriously instead of simply lumping them (under the symbols of beard and sandals) with deviates and criminals.

No one has exceeded J. Edgar Hoover in this earnest lumping process. No one, that is, except perhaps his second-in-command, a Mr. C. D. DeLoach, who on December 14 tied in the protests against the Vietnam war with obscene speech, narcotics peddlers, smut merchants and criminals in general. Earlier, Mr. Hoover had said that the Vietnam demonstrators were "for the most part . . . neither morally, mentally nor emotionally mature." Mr. DeLoach dutifully echoed the thought by deploring the demonstrators as "emotionally immature misfits." He went further by attacking assorted criminals and all Vietnam demonstrators as people who hold themselves above the law.



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There is, of course, no justification for linking the conscientious protests against the conduct of a complex war to overt criminality in drugs and hard-core pornography. The case for civil disobedience may be controversial and subtle, but not so subtle that the F.B.I. and its leading spokesmen could not grasp it if they cared to. What Mr. DeLoach has produced here is simply a smear, an attempt to poison the wells of public opinion on a crucial issue—and one, incidentally, in which the F.B.I.'s role as arbiter is hardly well-founded.

The F.B.I. was set up to investigate. It has gradually been granted other police functions. Nowhere along the line was there any intention or mandate to let it become the philosophical barometer of American morality or a partisan to political discussion. With the politicization of the F.B.I. under Mr. Hoover, the nation has become accustomed to sermons and warnings which are no proper part of the F.B.I.'s role. In our society, policemen are not revered for their public lectures, but for their police work.

## PRIEST-WORKERS

"Work in a factory or workshop is incompatible with priestly life and obligations." This was Cardinal Pizzardo's definitive answer in 1959 to the request of the Archbishop of Paris that the priest-worker movement be revived. Like many definitive answers, it has, in this day of Vatican II, turned out not to be so definitive after all. Last October the resumption of the priest-worker effort was announced.

A few days after this announcement, Co-adjutor Archbishop Veuillot of Paris gave an interview to *La Croix* which appears to be the French hierarchy's authoritative statement on the subject. Archbishop Veuillot expressed hope that the priest-workers (now to be called "working-priests") would be able to take up their work without being surrounded "with a halo of extraordinary adventure," without suffering from the undue publicity which the original priest-workers received. Thus far his wish seems to have been fulfilled.

The publicity attending the earlier priest-workers was probably inevitable. Their activities were the most striking innovation in the post-war Church, and soon became the focal point of hopes and fears for the Church's future which stretched far beyond the immediate importance of the movement. It was, perhaps, too much weight for an experiment to bear. Mistakes and failures were sure to come; and when they did, impassioned debate rather than calm evaluation resulted. The priests were not able to avoid participation in working class politics and working class politics meant Marxist politics. For priests to hold offices in Marxist-dominated trade unions was an outrage to large sections of the French middle- and upper-classes. Soon the issue became not so much the efficacy of the priest-worker apostolate, but whether the Church's verbal claims to universality, its refusal to take sides, meant, *de facto*, identification with the bourgeoisie and support for the status quo.

This issue has never been settled in France, as shown by the recent quarrels between the French hierarchy and leaders of various youth movements who claimed that the ban on their political activity amounted to support for the Center-Right government. The matter is not simple but as entangled with historical claims and grievances as the problem of racial justice is in America.

Despite whatever precautions are taken, the resumption of the priest-worker apostolate will raise new controversies and new difficulties. The French hierarchy could avoid these at the price of ignoring an opportunity (and a responsibility) for Christian presence among the workers. The Church can be thankful the French bishops did not take the easy way. The resumption of the priest-worker movement is a cause for joy.

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**NATIONAL AFFAIRS**

# A POLITICAL ALMANAC FOR '66

JANUARY: The White House announces a staff shakeup. In as replacement for French chef René Verdon goes Bill Moyers — but only for the most important state dinners. The President wishes that the wide-ranging Moyers, who is also press secretary, top policy coordinator, and idea man, keep himself free for other assignments across the board. Moyers says his kitchen specialty is Texas soufflé but refuses to divulge recipe.

Henry Cabot Lodge replaces Bundy as head of LBJ's foreign policy staff. Two days after Lodge takes over, 400 students picket White House. Signs read: Bring Back Bundy.

LBJ nominates Jack Valenti as ambassador to Italy. "I will sleep better knowing that you are in Rome," the



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President tells nominee. Republican Women's Club says: "We'd all sleep better if he were back in Houston."

LBJ sends State of the Union message, budget message, special message on Vietnam, message on civil rights, and five other messages to Congress in two weeks. Rep. Ford, House GOP leader, denounces effort to "blitz Congress."

"We will not be a rubberstamp," Ford declares.

"The President wants Congress to consider all legislation with deliberate care," Press Secretary Moyers says. Senator Dirksen, Senate GOP leader, has been invited to LBJ ranch for the weekend.

"While reserving the right to criticize, I think we must all cooperate with the President for the good of America," says Dirksen returning from the ranch.

"Texas soufflé is a delicious dish," he adds.

FEBRUARY: Humphrey may visit South Vietnam, a source close to the Vice-President tells the press.

"A Humphrey trip to Vietnam has never been discussed," Moyers tells the press.

Next day, Moyers announces that Vice-President Humphrey will inspect egg cooperatives in Denmark, Norway, and Sweden. "The President believes that Mr. Humphrey can make a vital contribution to our food-for-peace effort," Moyers announces.

Defense Secretary McNamara makes flying trip to Vietnam. Returning to Washington eleven hours later, McNamara declares: "We have not stopped losing the war but the Chinese have stopped winning it. I think the coming dry season will tell the story."

Pickets clash at airport as McNamara returns. "Bomb Hanoi, Haiphong, and Harvard," reads sign carried by Young Americans for Freedom members from Texas A&M. "Ban the Bomb, Ban the Pentagon, Ban McNamara," reads sign carried by Students for Democratic Society.

Republican orators make traditional round of Lincoln's Birthday speeches. Speaking in Philadelphia, the president of the National Young Republicans asks: "Would Lincoln have burned his draft card?" Speaking in New York, Governor Mark Hatfield of Oregon, declares: "Lincoln was no Bircher." Speaking in Pasadena, California, Senator Dirksen says: "I think the party of Lincoln is big enough for all shades of opinion."

MARCH: Spring floods hit Middle West. LBJ makes flying inspection tour of Ohio, Missouri, Arkansas, and Colorado. "It is much worse than I had thought," the President tells reporters. "You can be sure that your government stands behind you," he tells 83-year-old man in Chillicothe, O.

"We waste billions in Vietnam while our own lands are being flooded," asserts Senator Wayne Morse.

"The President thinks Wayne Morse is a mighty fine American," Press Secretary Moyers tells reporters.

"I think we should bomb Hanoi. I've thought so all along but McNamara and other pantywaists refuse to listen to our generals," declares former Senator Barry Goldwater in Tucson.

Former Vice-President Richard Nixon says to American Bankers meeting: "The Republican Party will not make Vietnam a political issue. But if the Johnson Administration insists upon letting our boys die in the jungles there while keeping our air force with one hand tied behind its back, then the American people will make it a political issue."

After his speech, Nixon tells inquiring reporter: "I am not thinking about 1968 at all. I am just practicing law."

Press Secretary Moyers tells reporters: "The President does not regard Vietnam as a political issue. He does not think of the problems there in a political context at all."

Next day, LBJ invites former President Eisenhower to the White House for briefing on foreign affairs, poses with Eisenhower, Lodge, and Christian Herter.

"I think good Americans are united in wanting to do what is right for their country," the President says.

APRIL: The Johnsons fly to ranch for Easter. Luci arrives with her fiancé.

Reporters ask Press Secretary Moyers what was served for holiday dinner: "Deer meat sausage, puree of chick peas, and Texas soufflé—the usual local specialties," he replied.

Bobby and Ethel Kennedy make surprise appearance at base north of Saigon to share Easter with troops at the front. "My visit has no political significance. I don't think politics belongs out here," Kennedy says.

MAY: Humphrey may make surprise trip to Moscow

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## THE NEW MORALITY

Next week, COMMONWEAL will devote almost an entire issue to a major and important debate on "the new morality." The two contributors, Professor Joseph Fletcher of the Episcopal Theological School and Father Herbert McCabe, O.P., editor of *The New Blackfriars,* are both distinguished theologians. Their essays, with mutual rebuttals, cover a rich variety of theoretical and practical questions: sexual morality, ethical norms, nuclear warfare, situationist vs. absolutist ethics, among others.

Bundle orders will be filled while the supply lasts.



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for May Day ceremonies on secret peace mission, source close to Vice-President tells reporters.

No Moscow trip for Humphrey planned, Moyers tells reporters.

Next day, Moyers announces that Vice-President Humphrey will leave soon on a good will trip to New Zealand. "The President believes New Zealand has a critical role to play in Pacific affairs. The Vice-President's evaluation can be most helpful," Moyers tells reporters.

JUNE: LBJ signs first bill of this session of Congress. He denies this session is slow and unproductive compared to last year. "This is going to go down in history as one of the great Congresses of all time," the President declares as he signs a cotton acreage bill in the middle of Senator John Sparkman's cotton patch in Alabama. Is this a gesture to help Sparkman in his fight for re-election?

"John Sparkman is an old friend," LBJ tells reporters.

Defense Secretary McNamara makes flying trip to Vietnam. Returning nine hours later, McNamara says: "We have not started winning the war but we have stopped losing it. I think the coming rainy season will tell the story."

JULY: "It looks like a long hot summer," Weather Bureau forecasts. Senator J. Strom Thurmond of South Carolina makes two-hour speech in Senate denouncing Weather Bureau for mixing civil rights with the weather.

"Blood may flow in the streets of America if the white power establishment does not heed my warning and stop playing politics with poverty," Representative Adam Clayton Powell tells Black Muslim rally in Harlem.

Radio Hanoi denies that Ho Chi Minh is seriously ill with gout. "Revered leader of the revolution has no capitalist diseases," radio report asserts.

"My patience is wearing thin," Indonesian President Sukarno tells anti-Malaysia rally in Jakarta.

"The new Africa will not wait forever. If the British do not soon invade Rhodesia and down the white usurpers in blood, there will be no peace in Africa," declares Ghana's President Nkrumah at formation of Pan-African-Anti-Imperialist-Neo-Colonialism League.

Secretary of State Dean Rusk holds his first press conference of 1966: "Some people say it will be a long, hot summer, but I think things are simmering about as usual."

AUGUST: Sargent Shriver announces emergency grants to anti-poverty program in Harlem; four new positions to be filled by Powell aides.

"I think the poverty program is finally beginning to roll," Powell says in airport interview as he departs for Paris.

White House denies any knowledge of proposed Red China trip for Humphrey. Bobby and Ethel Kennedy make surprise tour of Harlem.

SEPTEMBER: Congress passes its second law and adjourns as campaign gets underway. "This Congress will go down in history," LBJ declares in statement. Observers disagree how far down it will go.

"Only the election of a Republican Congress can bring peace with victory in Vietnam," Nixon says, opening GOP campaign.

"In this time of crisis, all Americans will want to stand shoulder to shoulder with their President and their fighting men in Vietnam," Vice-President Humphrey says, kicking off Democratic drive.

OCTOBER: White House announces LBJ will not campaign. "He is too busy to think of politics at a time like this," Moyers tells press.

Mrs. Johnson and Luci visit troops in Vietnam. "I think all the mothers of America would like to visit their men here. I am just here to say hello to them from the folks back home," the First Lady says.

Radio Hanoi denies that Ho Chi Minh is dying. Secretary McNamara makes flying trip to Vietnam. Returning seven hours later, McNamara says: "I think the tide has turned but it is not yet clear which way. The fighting during the coming dry season could be decisive."

NOVEMBER: LBJ arrives in Vietnam the first weekend in November. "I am here because this is where my heart is. As their commander-in-chief, I could not be anywhere except with our troops at a time like this."

The following Tuesday, Democrats hold Republicans to small gain in mid-term elections. Rockefeller loses in New York; Reagan loses in California. "I think the time is clearly ripe for a middle-of-the-roader," Nixon says, but he refuses to specify a candidate.

"The American people have expressed their judgment and everyone will abide by their wisdom," LBJ says returning from Vietnam.

DECEMBER: Ho Chi Minh dies. New government in Hanoi makes peace; both sides agree to hold a nationwide election. Madam Nhu says she may return home to run. President Nkrumah says there can be no peace as long as imperialists hold Rhodesia. President Sukarno says his patience is wearing thin. LBJ announces Vietnam peace treaty will be signed at the ranch on December 25th. "Y'all come on down and have some Texas soufflé," he says to reporters. Hubert Humphrey leaves for Vietnam.

WILLIAM V. SHANNON



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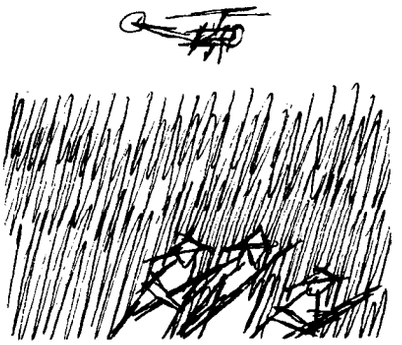

# BANKRUPTCY OF THE LIBERALS

*"They are all honorable men"*

**CARL OGLESBY**

Seven months ago at the April March on Washington, Paul Potter, then President of Students for a Democratic Society, stood in approximately this spot and said that we must name the system that creates and sustains the war in Vietnam — name it, describe it, analyze it, understand it, and change it.

Today I will try to name it — to suggest an analysis which, to be quite frank, may disturb many of you — and to suggest what changing it may require of us.

We are here again to protest again a growing war. Since it is a very bad war, we acquire the habit of thinking that it must be caused by very bad men. But we only conceal reality, I think, to denounce on such grounds the menacing coalition of industrial and military power, or the brutality of the blitzkrieg we are waging against Vietnam, or the ominous signs around us that heresy may soon no longer be permitted. We must simply observe, and quite plainly say, that this coalition, this blitzkrieg, and this demand for acquiescence are creatures, all of them, of a government that since 1932 has considered itself to be fundamentally *liberal.*

The original commitment in Vietnam was President Truman's — a liberal and signer of the first civil rights act. That commitment was seconded by the moderate liberal, President Eisenhower — who mobilized the National Guard to integrate Central High School in Little Rock. And intensified by President Kennedy, a liberal who gave us the Peace Corps, the Alliance for Progress, and the beginnings of the anti-poverty program. Think of the men who now engineer that war — those who study the maps, give the commands, push the buttons, and tally the dead: Bundy, McNamara, Rusk, Lodge, Goldberg, the President himself.

They are not moral monsters.

They are all honorable men.

They are all liberals.

But so, I'm sure, are many of us who are here today. To understand the war, then, it seems necessary to take a closer look at this American liberalism. Maybe we are in for some surprises. Maybe we have here two quite different liberalisms: one authentically humanist, the other not so human at all.

Not long ago, I considered myself a liberal. And if someone had asked me what I meant by that, I'd perhaps have quoted Thomas Jefferson or Thomas Paine, who first made plain our nation's unprovisional commitment to human rights. But what do you think would happen if these two heroes could sit down now for a chat with President Johnson and McGeorge Bundy?

They would surely talk of the Vietnam war. Our dead revolutionaries would soon wonder why their country was fighting against what appeared to be a revolution. The living liberals would hotly deny that it is one: there are troops coming in from outside, they get arms from other countries, most of the people are not on their side, and they practice terror against their own. Therefore, *not* a revolution.

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CARL OGLESBY *is the president of the Students for a Democratic Society. The above address was delivered on November 27 as part of the March on Washington for Peace in Vietnam.*



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What would our dead revolutionaries answer? They might say: What fools and bandits, sirs, you make then of us. Outside help? Do you remember Lafayette? Or the 3,000 British freighters the French navy sank for our side? Or the arms and men we got from France and Spain? And what's this about terror? Did you never hear what we did to our own loyalists? Or about the thousands of rich American Tories who fled for their lives to Canada? And as for popular support do you not know that we had less than one-third of our people with us? That, in fact, the colony of New York recruited more troops for the British than for us?

Revolutions don't take place in velvet boxes. They never have. It is only the poets who make them lovely. What the National Liberation Front is fighting in Vietnam is a complex and vicious war. This war is also a revolution, as honest as they come. And this is a fact which all our intricate official denials will never change.

*No Just Revolutions for Us*

But it doesn't make any difference to our leaders anyway. Their aim there is really much simpler than this implies. It is to safeguard what they take to be American interests around the world against revolution or revolutionary change, which they always call Communism — as if that were that. In the case of Vietnam, this interest is, first, the principle that revolution shall not be tolerated anywhere; and second, that South Vietnam shall never sell its rice to China — or even to North Vietnam.

There is simply no such thing now, for us, as a just revolution — never mind that for two-thirds of the world's people the 20th Century might as well be the Stone Age; never mind the melting poverty and hopelessness that are the basic facts of life for most modern men; and never mind that for these millions there is now an increasingly perceptible relationship between their sorrow and our contentment.

Can we understand why the Negroes of Watts rebelled? Then why do we need a devil-theory for the rebellion of the South Vietnamese? Then why can't we see that our proper human struggle is not with Communism or revolutionaries, but with the social desperation that drives good men to violence, both here and abroad?

To be sure, we have been most generous with our aid, and in Western Europe, a mature industrial society, that aid worked. But we have never shown ourselves capable of allowing others to make those traumatic institutional changes that are often the prerequisites of progress in colonial societies. For all our official feeling for the millions who are enslaved to what we so self-righteously call the yoke of Communist tyranny, we make no real effort at all to crack through the much more vicious right-wing tyrannies that our businessmen traffic with and our nation profits from every day. And for all our cries about the International Red Conspiracy to take over the world, we take only pride in the fact of our 6,000 military bases on foreign soil.

We gave Rhodesia a grave look just now — but we keep on buying her chromium, which is cheap because black slave labor mines it.

We deplore the racism of Verwoerd's regime in South Africa — but our banks make big loans to that country and our private technology makes it a nuclear power.

We are saddened and puzzled by random back-page stories of revolt in this or that Latin American state — but are convinced by a few pretty photos in the Sunday supplement that things are getting better, that the world is coming our way, that change from disorder can be orderly, that our benevolence will pacify the distressed, that our might will intimidate the angry.

Optimists, may I suggest that these are quite unlikely fantasies. They are fantasies because we have lost that mysterious social desire that could make them real. We have become a nation of young, bright-eyed, hard-hearted, slim-waisted, bullet-headed make-out artists. A nation — may I say it? — of beardless liberals.

You say I am being hard? Only think.

This country, with its thirty-some years of liberalism, can send 200,000 young men to Vietnam to kill and die in the most dubious of wars, but it cannot get 100 voter registrars to go into Mississippi.

What do you make of it?

The financial burden of the war obliges us to cut millions from an already impoverished War on Poverty budget. But in almost the same breath, Congress appropriates $140 million for the Lockheed and Boeing companies to compete with each other on the supersonic transport project — that Disneyland creation that will cost us all about $2 billion before it's done.

We have been earnestly resisting for some years now the idea of putting atomic weapons into West German hands, thus perpetuating the division of Europe. Now just this week we find out that, with the meagerest of security systems, West Germany has had nuclear weapons in her hands for the past six years.

What do you make of it?

Some will make of it that I overdraw the matter. Many will ask: What about the other side? To be sure, there is the bitter ugliness of Czechoslovakia, Poland, those infamous tanks of Hungary. But my anger only rises to hear some say that sorrow cancels sorrow, or



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that this one's shame deposits in that one's account the right to shamefulness.

### *A Brief Stock of Facts*

And others will make of it that I sound mighty anti-American. To these I say: *Don't blame me for that!* Blame those who mouthed my liberal values and broke my American heart.

Just who might they be, by the way? Let's take a brief stock of some facts.

In 1953 our Central Intelligence Agency managed to overthrow Mossadegh in Iran, the complaint being his neutralism in the cold war and his plans to nationalize the country's oil resources to improve his people's lives. Most evil aims, most evil man. In his place we put in General Zahedi, a World War II Nazi collaborator. New arrangements on Iran's oil gave 25-year leases on 40 percent of it to three US firms, one of which was Gulf. The CIA's leader for this coup was Kermit Roosevelt. In 1960 Kermit Roosevelt became a vice president of Gulf.

In 1954, the democratically elected Arbenz of Guatemala wanted to nationalize a portion of United Fruit Company's plantations in that country, land he needed badly for a modest program of agrarian reform. His government was overthrown in a CIA-supported coup. The following year, Gen. Walter Bedell Smith, director of the CIA when the Guatemala venture was being planned, joined the board of the United Fruit Company.

Comes 1960 and Castro cries we are about to invade Cuba. The Administration sneers, "poppycock," and the Americans believe it. Comes the invasion. Comes with it the awful realization that the United States Government had lied.

Comes 1962 and the missile crisis, and our Administration stands prepared to fight global atomic war on the curious principle that another state does not have the right to its own foreign policy.

Comes 1963 and British Guiana, where Cheddi Jagan wants independence from England and a labor law modeled on the Wagner Act. And Jay Lovestone, the AFL-CIO foreign policy chief, acting as always quite independently of labor's rank and file, arranges with the government to finance an eleven-week dock strike that brings the Jagan government down, ensuring that the state will remain *British* Guiana, and that any workingman who wants a wage better than 50¢ a day is a dupe of Communism.

Comes 1964. Two weeks after Thomas Mann announces that we have abandoned the *Alianza*'s principle of no aid to tyrants, Brazil's Goulart is overthrown by the vicious right-winger, Ademar Barros, supported by a show of American gunboats at Rio de Janeiro. Within 24 hours, the new head of state, Mazzilli, receives a congratulatory wire from our President.

Comes 1965. The Dominican Republic. Rebellion in the streets. We scurry to the spot with 20,000 neutral Marines and our neutral peacemakers — like Ellsworth Bunker, Jr., Ambassador to the Organization of American States. Most of us know that our neutral Marines fought openly on the side of the Junta, a fact that the Administration still denies. But how many also know that what was at stake was our new Caribbean Sugar Bowl? That this same neutral peacemaking Bunker is a board member and stock owner of the National Sugar Refining Company, a firm his father founded in the good old days and one which has a major interest in maintaining the status quo in the Dominican Republic? Or that one of the President's closest personal advisors, our new Supreme Court Justice, Abe Fortas, has sat for the past 19 years on the board of the Sucrest Company, which imports black strap molasses from the Dominican Republic? Or that the rhetorician of corporate liberalism and the late President Kennedy's close friend, Adolf Berle, was chairman of that same board? Or that our roving ambassador Averill Harriman's brother, Roland, is on the board of National Sugar? Or that our former ambassador to the Dominican Republic, Joseph Farland, is a board member of the South Puerto Rico Sugar Co., which owns 275,000 acres of rich land in the Dominican Republic and is the largest employer on the island — at one dollar a day?

Neutralists! God save the hungry people of the world from such neutralists!

We do not say these men are evil. We say rather that good men can be divided from their compassion by the institutional system that inherits us all. Generation in and out, we are put to use. People become instruments. Generals do not hear the screams of the bombed and sugar executives do not see the misery of the cane cutters: for to do so would be to be that much less the general!

### *Corporate Liberalism and Anti-Communism*

The foregoing facts of recent history describe one main aspect of the estate of Western liberalism. Where is our American humanism here? What went wrong?

Let's stare our situation coldly in the face. All of us are born to the colossus of history, our American corporate system — in many ways, an awesome organism. There is one fact that describes it: with about 5% of the world's people, we consume half the world's goods.



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We take a richness that is in good part not our own, and put it in our pockets, our garages, our split-levels, our bellies, and our futures.

On the *face* of it, it is a crime that so few should have so much at the expense of so many. Where is the moral imagination so abused as to call this just? Perhaps many of us feel uneasy in our sleep. We are not, after all, a cruel people and perhaps we don't really need this super-dominance that deforms others. But what can we do? The investments are made. The plants abroad are built.

The system *exists*. One is swept up into it. How intolerable – to be born moral, but addicted to a stolen and maybe surplus luxury. Our goodness threatens to become counterfeit before our eyes – unless we change. But change threatens us with uncertainty, at least. Our problem, then, is to justify this system and give its theft another name – to make kind and moral what is neither, to perform some alchemy with language that will make this injustice seem to be a most magnanimous gift.

A hard problem. But the Western democracies, in the heyday of their colonial expansionism, produced a hero worthy of the task.

Its name was free enterprise and its partner was an illiberal liberalism that said to the poor and the dispossessed: What we acquire of your resources we repay in civilization. The white man's burden. But this was too poetic. So a much more hard-headed theory was produced. This theory said that colonial status is in fact a boon to the colonized. We give them technology and bring them into modern times.

But this deceived no one but ourselves. We were delighted with this new theory. The poor saw in it merely an admission that their claims were irrefutable. They stood up to us, without gratitude. We were shocked – but also confused, for the poor seemed again to be right. How long is it going to be the case, we wondered, that the poor will be right and the rich will be wrong?

Liberalism faced a crisis. In the face of the collapse of the European empires, how could it continue to hold together our twin need for richness and righteousness? How can we continue to sack the ports of Asia and still dream of Jesus?

The challenge was met with a most ingenious solution: the ideology of anti-Communism. This was the bind: we cannot call revolution bad, because we started that way ourselves and because it is all too easy to see why the dispossessed should rebel. So we will call revolution *Communism*. And we will reserve for ourselves the right to say what Communism means. We take note of Communist enormities and say: Behold Communism is a bloodbath. We take note of Communist reactionaries, and say: Behold, Communism is a betrayal of the people. We take note of the revolution's need to consolidate itself, and say: Behold, Communism is a tyranny.

It has been all these things, and it will be these again, and we will never be at loss for those tales of atrocity that comfort us so in our self-righteousness. Nuns will be raped and bureaucrats will be disemboweled. Indeed, revolution is a *fury*. For it is a letting loose of outrages pent up sometimes over centuries. But the more brutal and longer-lasting the suppression of this energy, all the more ferocious will be its explosive release.

Far from helping Americans deal with this truth, the anti-Communist ideology merely tries to disguise it so that things may stay the way they are. Thus, it depicts our presence in other lands not as a coercion, but a protection. It allows us even to say that the napalm in Vietnam is only another aspect of our humanitarian love – like those exorcisms in the Middle Ages that so often killed the patient. So we say to the Vietnamese peasant, the Cuban intellectual, the Peruvian worker: "You are better dead than red. If it hurts – sorry about that."

This is the action of corporate liberalism. It performs for the corporate state a function quite like what the Church once performed for the feudal state. It seeks to justify its burdens and protect it from change. As the Church exaggerated this office in the inquisition, so with liberalism in the McCarthy time – which, if it was a reactionary phenomenon, was still made possible by our anti-Communist liberalism.

### *Corporatism* or *Humanism?*

Let me then speak directly to humanist liberals. If my facts are wrong, I will soon be corrected. But if they are right, then you may face a crisis of conscience. Corporatism or humanism: which? For it has come to that. Will you let your dreams be used? Will you be a grudging apologist for the corporate state? Or will you try to change it – not in the name of this or that blueprint or ism, but in the name of simple human decency and democracy and the vision that wise and brave men saw in the time of our own Revolution?

And if your commitment to human value is unconditional, then disabuse yourselves of the notion that statements will bring change if only the mighty can be reached, or that marches will bring change if only we can make them massive enough, or that policy proposals will bring change if only we can make them responsible enough.



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We are dealing now with a colossus that does not want to be changed. It will not change itself. It will not cooperate with those who want to change it. Those allies of ours in the government – are they really our allies? If they are, then they don't need advice, they need *constituencies;* they don't need study groups, they need a *movement.* And if they are not, then all the more reason for building that movement with a most relentless conviction.

There are people in this country today who are trying to build that movement, nothing less than a humanist reformation. And the humanist liberals must understand that it is this movement with which their own best hopes are most in tune. We know the same history that you know, and we can understand your occasional cynicism, exasperation and even distrust. But we ask you to put these aside and help us risk a leap. Help us find enough time for the enormous work that needs doing here. Help us build. Help us shake the future in the name of plain human hope.

*How should we judge a revolution?*

# A RESPONSE TO OGLESBY

**PETER STEINFELS**

By the time Carl Oglesby took the rostrum of the March on Washington for Peace in Vietnam, the afternoon seemed burdened with the weight of words. Each new word had begun to cancel out the ones before it. The students were restless. They had been ushered through Washington streets with signs carefully designed not to provoke the burghers. They had listened respectfully to all these well-intentioned liberals. But where was *their* man? Some groups began to chant. "We want Oglesby. Oglesby."

"Bundy, McNamara, Rusk, Lodge, Goldberg, the President himself. . . . They are all honorable men," said Oglesby, and the crowd laughed. "They are all liberals," said Oglesby, and the students cheered.

The copy of Carl Oglesby's speech which I later received was marked all over by some reporter—"cheer . . . cheer . . . cheer." And at the end: "by far the largest applause"! It was not only the largest. It was overwhelming—and impolite. Something had happened to the "responsible" March on Washington. SANE had scheduled Oglesby's talk too late for wide news coverage and so the world might never know, but this was the student's day after all.

I suppose it should have been my day too, then. Mr. Oglesby is some years my senior. Indeed, he is probably exempted from the First Law of Mario Savio—"never trust anyone over thirty"—only by his membership in SDS. But there was much about this speech which saddened at the same time it elated.

*Terror.* The night before leaving for Washington I had read Camus' statement on the Algerian revolution. Camus had dissociated himself from those who, condemning French crimes, tolerated not only the impassioned acts of vengeance but also the rational technique of terror employed by the Algerian National Liberation Front against both French and Arab civilians. "We must condemn with equal force and in no uncertain terms," wrote Camus after protesting French reprisals and torture, "the terrorism. . . . Under the form it has assumed no revolutionary movement has ever accepted it, and the Russian terrorists of 1905, for instance, would have died . . . rather than stoop to it . . . a part of French opinion vaguely holds that the Arabs have in a way earned the right to slaughter and mutilate while another part is willing to justify in a way all [French] excesses. To justify himself, each relies on the other's crimes. But that is a casuistry of the blood. . . ."

Now I listened to this facile comparison to the American Revolution and the announcement that the Viet struggle was " a revolution, as honest as they come." "Revolutions," Oglesby explained, "don't take place in velvet boxes." Oh yes, we know it so well: you can't make an omelet. . . .

*Revolution.* The core of Oglesby's speech is an unqualified plea for the revolution. It need not be indigenous. It need not have popular support. It must be allowed a special ethical latitude. It simply is.

The revolution? Is there a word so abused? Has there been a movement in this bloody century, including fascisms of all stripes, which has not appropriated this title? Is the revolution Stalin, or Tito, or Djilas? Is it Juan Bosch or the 14th of June Movement? It is Sukar-

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uo, who collaborated with the same Japanese Ho Chi Minh and Mao Tse-tung fought and who, like General Ky, expressed his admiration for Hitler—or the Indonesian generals? Are leftist slogans the test? Is economic progress the test? (Then perhaps Japan is the world's most revolutionary country.) Is our dedication to human betterment so shaky that we dare not admit to ourselves that revolution is one of the most ambiguous dreams of our age?

There must be standards for judging revolutionary ends. I suspect Mr. Oglesby would agree with the goal described by James Farmer: "maximum opportunity for significant choices." I also suspect he would agree that there not only have been but will be revolutions which retard rather than speed this goal.

There must be standards for judging revolutionary means. "Nuns will be raped and bureaucrats will be disemboweled," says Mr. Oglesby. Yes, but will it occur systematically, as a *policy* to teach the people, in Mussolini's words, that "it is blood which moves the resounding wheel of history," or in Mao's, that "law springs from the barrel of a gun"?

In short, if our commitment to human value is to be unconditional, as Mr. Oglesby demands, then revolutions, like anything else, must be judged. If we dodge this judgment because revolutions are ordained by the force of history or because of any other political superstition, then our unconditional commitment is crumbling fast.

*Anti-Americanism.* As I listened to Oglesby's words, I thought, "How American!" How evangelical! That same combination of moral absolutism with hard-headed "realism" which is the virtue and the vice of America! By comparison, the older liberals look positively anti-American. Disillusioned by the necessity of using armed force in World War II and the Cold War, fearful of the crusading American spirit which has tugged at the nuclear leash since the fifties, they are bravely resigned to a twilight zone of "neither peace nor war," of negotiated half-settlements. Not so those around me who cheered Oglesby's phrases. Like John Foster Dulles, they knew clearly what was right and what was wrong. They wanted victories, not negotiations, and the costs did not much bother them. The aims were altered, but the old American righteousness was still there.

Perhaps this is the way it must be. Perhaps the careful, subtle, tentative foreign policy of liberals like Kennan was doomed from the start, certain to be distorted by cruder, more "American" minds like Dulles and Rusk. Perhaps, predestined as Americans to be clumsy crusaders, we have only the alternative the students cheered: to clumsily crusade for the revolutionary side rather than for the status quo. In a nuclear era, it will be a dangerous game.

*The "system."* Oglesby set out to "name the system that creates and sustains the war in Vietnam." I do not think he succeeded. Free enterprise itself is hardly the villain. Can anyone suppose that we would have acted differently in Iran had U.S. oil companies been nationalized? But Mr. Oglesby gives us a wider concept than free enterprise: the "corporate state." One may not be impressed with the fact that Averill Harriman's brother is on the board of such-and-such, but there are scores of other examples to make the point. The same men are supposed some years to carry out government policies of change and progress with the identical mentalities and perceptions dedicated in other years to industrial bureaucracies' quest for stability and profit. This explains something. How much? Does it explain Vietnam? Only in part. Does it explain the hunger of most of the world? I doubt it. I even doubt whether it explains the blind anti-Communism which in the clash of opinions and personalities in our government always turns out to be the common ground for action.

The classroom for my generation of political activists was a small town-agrarian South, the teachers a "colonized" people fighting for self-government. We have tried to apply these lessons to the industrialized, middle-class cities of the North, and have not been overly successful. The new identification with "third world" nations is at least partially an admission of our failure, an effort to recapture our first success. There is a great danger that we may fixate on this first experience, try to recreate the North in the image of the South, domestic politics in the image of racial politics, and international politics in the image of domestic politics. This way, we may avoid analyzing foreign affairs in their own terms and conveniently find one cause—racism, the Establishment, corporation—for all our ills. Oglesby's speech is a gaint step away from such simplism, but only a first one.

*Meanwhile.* There is another passage in Camus, where he criticizes the Left for being "a prisoner of words, caught in its own vocabulary, capable merely of stereotyped replies." Camus was speaking of the French Left, but in the area of international conflict his suggestion that the Left has not yet rethought its task is applicable here. But Camus went on. "Meanwhile," he wrote, "the intellectual's role will be to say that the king is naked when he is. . . ." That was the difference between Carl Oglesby's speech and all the other talks that day in Washington. In spite of every shortcoming in his analysis, Oglesby plainly said what everyone must know about American foreign policy: the king is naked.



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*Was it a failure?*

# THE COUNCIL ENDS

GREGORY BAUM

The last few days of the Council were joyful. The bishops were overwhelmed by what had been accomplished. On the 18th of November, Pope Paul promulgated two conciliar documents, the Constitution on Divine Revelation and the Decree on the Lay Apostolate. In his speech on that occasion the Pope promised again the reform of his administrative body, the Roman Curia. On the 7th of December, the day before the solemn closing of the Council, Pope Paul promulgated the remaining conciliar documents: the Declaration on Religious Liberty, the Decrees on Missionary Work and on the Ministry and Life of Presbyters (Priests), and the controversial and highly significant conciliar document on the Church in the Modern World. Simultaneously Pope Paul published a *Motu Proprio* containing the radical reform of the Holy Office. The last days of the Council brought out with full force that the renewal of the Church affects her teaching and her structure.

As part of the final celebration, an ecumenical service was held in the Basilica of St. Paul on Dec. 4. The participants were the official Observers at the Council, Orthodox, Protestant and Anglican, and the Bishops of the Catholic Church. Pope Paul took the leading part in the service. He preached a homily, in which he gave moving expression to the communion existing among Christians, among all Christians, even if they still remain divided on various points of doctrine or practice. The worship service consisted of Scripture readings, hymns, psalms, and various liturgical texts. The passages were read alternatively by Catholics and members of other Churches. Through this moving ceremony the Pope demonstrated that a sacred liturgy of the Word may join Christians in common worship, including members of the Catholic hierarchy. The ceremony will have profound effects on the future of the ecumenical movement in the various parts of the world.

A second ecumenical gesture took place on December 7. In a twin ceremony at Rome in the presence of the Council and at Istanbul, the seat of the Ecumenical Patriarch, the excommunications were withdrawn and buried in which the Churches of Rome and Constantinople had pronounced against one another. Since these excommunications were directed against particular persons who have long disappeared from the earth, there is no canonical meaning to the ceremony of lifting the ecclesiastical sanctions. The significance is, nonetheless, extraordinary. It is a public acknowledgement that the events which led to the final break between East and West in the eleventh century involved injustice and guilt on both sides and that today repentance has touched the hearts of both Churches.

The celebrations at the closing of the Council expressed the spirit of the conciliar teaching and gave great joy to the vast majority of bishops. Since it has been the custom of Pope Paul to bestow gifts also to the bishops of the minority, there was some speculation in Rome as to what these gifts would be, at the closing of the Fourth session. They turned out to be minimal. On the 8th of December, Pope Paul founded a new parish church for the people of Rome as a memorial of the Vatican Council, dedicated to Mary, Mother of the Church. Since this title of our Lady had been refused by the Conciliar Commission and attributed to her by the Pope himself in an extra-conciliar act at the end of the third session, this was a small symbol giving consolation to the bishops who were unhappy with the conciliar reform. Then there was the statement on the celebration of the Jubilee Year, which was composed almost entirely in the traditional language, including vast amounts of indulgences, plenary and partial, and absolutions of censures for such delicts as the reading of heretical books, etc. It will certainly take time before the Roman Congregations assimilate the teaching and the attitude of the Vatican Council and become capable of issuing documents on Catholic teaching and practice which are truly representative of the Catholic Church.

In all fairness we must be generous to the Council Fathers who have made use of their right to resist the position of the vast majority during the Council. We cannot expect them to change their minds in a week or a month. Since their views were not the result of political opportunism but of deep personal conviction, it

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would be inhuman to insist that immediately after the Council they abandon their former views and adhere to the new teaching. They must be given the chance to assimilate the teaching of Vatican II. Their statements and declarations still written in the old spirit should, therefore, not be taken too seriously.

*Archbishop Hannan's Campaign*

During the last few days the Council was stirred a little by the action of Archbishop Hannan, who started a campaign to alter the conciliar text dealing with war and peace. Archbishop Hannan's views on war and peace were well known to the Council Fathers. He had spoken in the Council's third session and also made his voice heard in the fourth session. When the final text was submitted to the vote of the Council, Archbishop Hannan interpreted two sentences in the document as if they were condemnations of the American government because of its nuclear policy. He tried to get the bishops to vote "non-placet" to the particular sections of the document, or, if this campaign were too late for that, to vote "non-placet" to the entire document on the Church in the Modern World. He hoped that a large minority of negative votes might prevent the Pope from promulgating the document as it stood.

The campaign of Archbishop Hannan was taken seriously enough by the Theological Commission: it published a brief statement that he had misinterpreted the obvious meaning of the text. War, and nuclear war in particular, was indeed a dreadful thing and the hard sentences of the document on the preparation for war and the possession of nuclear arms were intended to impress upon all men and in particular all governments, the extraordinary responsibility which is theirs in making the decisions regarding these matters. The text gave not the slightest hint that the Council intended to single out a particular government in order to criticize or condemn it for its stand on this question. The Council intends to pronounce God's judgment on war and destruction in order that governments and the people are better equipped to assume the responsibility which is theirs.

Archbishop Hannan was backed by few of the American bishops. Most bishops realized that he misinterpreted the conciliar text. His attempt was defeated; the number of negative votes was not appreciable.

The Vatican Council was such an extraordinary event in the life of the Catholic Church that it is impossible to evaluate it in a few pages. It is certainly possible to find fault with the Council; measured by the contemporary needs of the Church, it failed to supply all the answers. But this belongs to the pilgrim state of the Church on earth. There is no perfect Council as there is no perfect liturgy, as there is no perfect anything in the Church. God is indeed at work in the Church; He calls her and enables her to express herself in holy works of the Spirit, but there will always be enough narrowness of heart associated with human activity, even under the influence of grace, that the people of God must always confess to be "unprofitable servants" (Luke 17:10).

At the same time, taking into account the historical reality of the Catholic Church and measured by what the Council started with, the achievements of the Council are nothing short of miraculous. Contemporary theology has been endorsed by the bishops of the Church. A structural reform of the Church has been initiated which will be fruitful for many decades to come. The Council is the starting point for a doctrinal renewal, under the influence of the Holy Spirit, of which the orientation has become clearly visible but of which the end is still hidden from our view. All will depend on the sensitivity of the Christian people to the Holy Spirit.

The real meaning of the Council for the Catholic Church, for Christian unity and for the service of the world will emerge only in the future history of the Church. It is conceivable that resistance to the Spirit may put a stop to movements that have been initiated by the Council. On the other hand, it is also conceivable that the response of the Christian people and their bishops to the stirring of the Spirit will be so generous that the renewal initiated by the Council will take on proportions transcending all expectations. For this reason the evaluation of the Council will belong to the history of the next few years.

I would not be surprised if the conciliar documents, even the best ones among them, will, upon first reading, disappoint the student. This is almost inevitable. The real content and power of these documents will only come to the fore through commentaries explaining their origin and history, the debate on the Council floor and the changes put into the text in successive sessions. In this way the sentences and paragraphs which really mattered and with which the conscience of the Council had to wrestle, come to the foreground. There are certain words and formulations which have assumed, in the course of the discussion, a special importance and have come to symbolize wider theological realities. To understand a conciliar text we need its *formgeschichte* as much as for the Scriptures. Only with the help of such commentaries can we estimate the doctrinal achievement of the Council.

It would not be difficult to make a list of the doctrinal achievements of the Council by going through the various conciliar documents. The list of significant doctrinal



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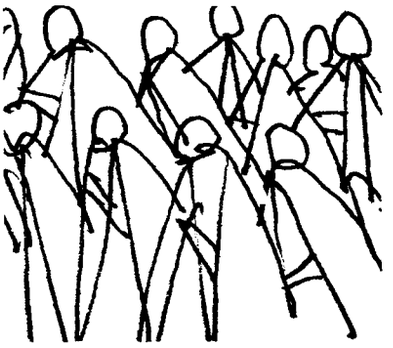
positions that have become part of the Church's official teaching is impressive. Correspondingly, it would be equally impressive to list the older positions which have been replaced. One should also take into consideration the achievements of the Council, not contained in the documents, that have been the marvelous by-products of this large assembly of bishops over a period of four years.



As I look back over the Council and its decrees, two themes of renewal impress themselves particularly on my mind. They appear as a consistent refrain in many conciliar documents. To my mind they represent a marvelous achievement of the Council.

### *The Church and Man*

There is, first of all, a significant doctrinal development in regard to the Church's relationship to men beyond the visible boundaries of the Church. This new relationship in regard to other Christians and other Christian Churches is laid down in the Decree on Ecumenism. If anyone wishes to know how far we have traveled, he should read, by way of contrast, Pope Pius XI's encyclical *Mortalium Animos* (1928), against the ecumenical movement of his day. The new relationship to members of other religions is expressed in the Declaration on the Church's Attitude to Non-Christians, especially to the Jews. The new relationship of the Church to the human family is expressed above all in the conciliar document on the Church in the Modern World. What is said there is really new. The Church declares herself in solidarity with all men. She regards it as her Christ-given responsibility to be open to others, to listen to them, to serve them, and to bear the burden of life in union with them. The Church acknowledges with joy and gratitude the wonderful works of God in the whole of the human family.

This new teaching raises many questions about the Church's mission in the traditional sense. Here the Council has not offered any final solution. The Decree on Missionary Activity presents the mission of preaching the Gospel to unbelievers as belonging to the essence of the Church; but the Decree leaves theological room for the action of God among others even prior to and beyond the reach of the Church. The Decree does not intend to limit the teaching contained in the declarations on the Church's attitude to other religions and on the Church in the Modern World. No synthesis is offered as yet. Thanks to the work of the Spirit in the Christian people, we shall eventually be able to come to a deeper understanding of the Church's mission in the world, including dialogue and service as well as the witness to the Gospel.

The second recurring theme in the conciliar documents is the dialogue that is necessary within the Church. The dialogue between pope and bishops finds its supreme expression in the doctrine of collegiality. As members of the episcopal college, the bishops with and under the pope are co-responsible for the universal teaching and policy-making in the Church. The Council itself is the proper manifestation of collegiality. The Council, moreover, has created several institutions by which the collegiality of bishops finds expression in the Church. According to conciliar teaching there is a dialogue structure in the exercise of supreme authority in the Church. This is true, at least, on paper. Similarly there are constant references to dialogue and common responsibility to be exercised by the bishops in a given territory.

Dialogue, moreover, should characterize the relationship of bishops with their priests and with their people. The Decree on the Pastoral Office of Bishops suggests that the bishop create a diocesan council in which he engages in conversation with his people and the Decree on the Ministry and Life of Priests suggests that such councils be created to foster conversation between the bishop and a representative body of priests elected by his clergy. The Decree on the Renewal of Religious Life presents a new understanding of obedience: the superior is told that dialogue and consultation belong as much to his office as giving orders and determining policy. In all this, the authority of those appointed to rule is not diminished. What is changed is *the exercise* of this authority. In the process of coming to the decision of what is to be done in a given situation, there is room for dialogue and consultation, even if after the decision has been made, the Christian will obey his legitimate superior.

According to the conciliar teaching, the principle of dialogue is as much at the heart of Catholic ecclesiology as the principle of authority. The present crisis of authority, which is so dangerous to the Church, will be overcome only when these two principles are stressed



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simultaneously. Dialogue will be the context in which authority is exercised and obedience bestowed.

These two recurring themes, solidarity with all men and dialogue within the Church, are rooted in a doctrine which was the underlying preoccupation of the whole Council, even though no document deals with it expressly: the doctrine of man. Christian anthropology has moved to the center of theological preoccupation at the Council. The crucial issue of our time is the question about myself and about my neighbor, or more correctly, it is the question about my neighbor—for in discovering who he is, I come to know who I am. The two themes of renewal mentioned above, which pervade the conciliar teaching, are deeply rooted in a new appreciation of the dignity of the human person.

The dignity of the human person is treated in the Declaration on Religious Liberty. Curiously enough, this document is the only conciliar document which still seperates, by its method of approach, the natural and the supernatural orders. The other documents of the Council, referring to the dignity of man, base the dignity of the human person ultimately on the divine call to enter into communion with Father, Son and Spirit, and hence see man always in his historical existence, which includes his supernatural destiny. In the past, we have tended to consider man in terms of his nature, i.e., in terms of what all men have in common, while in the conciliar documents there is a tendency to understand man above all in terms of his personhood, i.e., in what is unique and inimitable in him.

This deeper appreciation, in the light of the Gospel, of human personhood had far-reaching effects on all theological and pastoral issues. It is not too much to say that the whole understanding of the Christian religion is becoming more personal. A clear manifestation of this is the new presentation of liturgy with its emphasis on the celebration of the Word. God acts on us primarily as Voice, as living self-communication, as He Who addresses us in His Son. The same tendency is found in the understanding of the ecclesiastical society as a communion of persons. The same shift to the greater appreciation of the person is found in the renewal of moral theology, which the Council did not undertake, but on which it stumbled when it came to the evaluation of marriage problems. The same shift is observable in the contemporary attempts to determine the role of women in the Church. The tendency to understand the depth of reality as personal is involved in the quest for a deeper theological understanding of the eucharist. The vindication of the personal as a doctrinal category is one of the unrecorded achievements of Vatican II, a reflection of contemporary theology.

*Uptown from San Juan*

# THE PUERTO RICANS

RICHARD M. ELMAN

Recently a group of Puerto Rican social workers on New York City's Lower East Side attempted to organize some of the Welfare mothers. They hoped to send petitions to the Commissioner and, if necessary, the Mayor, to picket the local Welfare office and the main office on Church Street—for better services and more ample benefits. The workers were, of course, all from the middle classes. They thought it would be nice if the women got to know each other socially before any effective agitational actions were taken. Accordingly, they proposed a Mother's Day party at which the women who had been meeting together formally for many months would select one mother from their group to be honored with a symbolic gift. The proposal brought angry cries from the group. All the mothers thought they deserved such a present. They, apparently, had never received any before. In a city in which abundance has created new opportunities for the most frivolous and conspicuous waste, they were still acting out the manners of scarcity.

Many of the approximately 800,000 persons of Puerto Rican descent now living on the American mainland seem to be in such straits. They are also keenly aware that they are members of a minority group. As the sociologist, Nathan Glazer, has pointed out, this ethnicity is one of their chief strengths, but it is also a terrible

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weakness. As members of a minority group they sometimes seem to be seeking an assured status and are more intent upon distributing gains than in gaining some measure of power. It is because the Puerto Rican newcomer thinks he has so many options for himself that he is not so anxious to engage in the more strident inter-racial movements. Puerto Rican spokesmen have often found themselves in opposition to vocal Negro groups about such issues as *de facto* school segregation.

These strategies seem to be based, in part, on a greater trust which Puerto Ricans have in the rest of us. I have heard punitive Negro social workers describe this as "dependency," but it seems to involve a certain realistic appraisal of the facts of their existence in the United States. If the Negro population still seems weak when compared relatively to the so-called "white power structure," the Puerto Rican community is weak in absolute numbers and in its total resources. Perhaps, by inadvertance, this was what Vice-President Hubert Humphrey meant when he stated, in the foreword to the volume by Clarence Senior, that Senior "has done a fine job of putting the Puerto Rican immigration in perspective."

*In perspective*, Puerto Rican immigration to the mainland has been small; others have come in far greater numbers. It has been the sudden density of the flow here which some have regarded as troublesome and others as problematical. But, whether or not we now decide to regard this immigration as the nearly unqualified success story which the Commonwealth of Puerto Rico and other interested parties find it necessary to publicize, it may still be wise to question Dr. Senior's optimistic "perspective" as, in part, a deception. He tells us that Puerto Ricans are 'making it' here. That is small consolation to those who are not.

Clarence Senior is a distinguished social scientific activist whose interesting accounts of Puerto Rican entrepreneurship in the Virgin Islands community of St. Croix were cited by Nathan Glazer with great effectiveness, but in providing this brief, rather too breezy introduction to "our Puerto Rican neighbors" under the auspices of the ubiquitous Anti-Defamation League, his chief aim would seem to be to liken the Puerto Ricans and their problems to those of any other immigrant group in a nation of immigrants. This blurring of their culturally-acquired distinctions for the purpose of making them into one-hundred-percent Americans balances their growing roster of celebrities against their many grievances. Dr. Senior never quite says that Orlando Cepeda is "a credit to his race," as they used to say of Jackie Robinson, for example, but he does say: "Most newcomers from Puerto Rico are in almost exactly the position occupied by the majority of our ancestors," without pointing out that opportunities may have changed considerably.

And, along with that familiar ADL plea against discrimination (which musters all the available sociological and cultural platitudes in the form of highly selective data showing that Puerto Ricans are potentially as equal as you and I) there is a special pleading made that, in fact, the Puerto Rican may be even more equal than you and I. They do not, for example, seem to discriminate against others because of color. With approval Dr. Senior quotes Joseph Monserrat of the Commonwealth Department of Labor in a characteristic attempt to dispute the invidious definitions implied by Boards of Education when they use the term "culturally deprived child."

> "Is a culture that has for four centuries been able to maintain the individual dignity, value and worth of its members (despite differences in race and class) a deprived or disadvantaged culture when compared with one that has been striving to achieve these values and yet has not been able to do?"

But on the very next page, when discussing how skin color affects Puerto Rican geographical mobility, Senior tells us that there are even now areas of Puerto Rican settlement in the suburbs which are virtually all white. If this, as he seems to believe, is due mostly to the difficulties which dark-complexioned people experience when they try "to move out of distinctive 'colored' neighborhoods," it may also be indicative of just how pervasively our successful Puerto Ricans are beginning to acquire the dominantly racist colorations of American social life.

### *The Workingman's Supplement*

This is a silly book! Whatever Puerto Ricans are capable of becoming when we make them into our neighbors, the effort must, of course, continue; for the status of many of those who are not yet neighbors is often quite unendurable as well as being, in some ways, uniquely their own. What other immigrant group has had so many of its employed males supplemented by the dole? In New York City they are one of the principal consumers of public assistance funds. They come to the richest city in the world from an island community that was poor and overcrowded to begin with and, even now—despite the successes of Operation Bootstrap—is still trying to catch up to the *per capita* incomes of the State of Mississippi.

Quite a few of the older immigrants are handicapped



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by illiteracy in both English and Spanish. Some are habituated to a meager paternalism. Wherever they go, their principal difficulties are not community-wide patterns of discrimination but the shrinkage of jobs, the instability of their sources of income, the extremely low levels of income maintenance which are further reinforced by our grudging and niggardly public welfare system when it assumes that they must endeavor to be self-supporting, even though such efforts are sometimes merely self-defeating. It is no secret that Puerto Ricans are being exploited when they are forced to take jobs below the minimum wage which welfare then supplements with additional income, but are they finally helping themselves by doing so? Compared to the current status of the Negro, the Puerto Rican's weakness as a political force puts him at a unique disadvantage. He needs and wants services which he cannot always get; because he lacks the potential for demonstrating his political muscle in the manner of the Negro he must be satisfied with waiting until he is served, with depending upon others to wrest for him those items and services which most of the rest of us would consider as our due. The Puerto Rican's dependence upon social workers, the Commonwealth and its allied organizations, can be viewed as a measurement of his socialization and relative well-being, but, for those who are most dependent—those least well-off—it can also be an excruciating, debilitating state in which there are few options beyond waiting one's turn.

In the April 1964 issue of *Psychiatry*, Dr. Albert Rothenberg of the Yale University Psychiatric Institute described what he called "the Puerto Rican syndrome." The term is, apparently, well-known among psychiatrists on the Island and is referred to variously as "*mal de pelea*" (fighting sickness) or "*ataque*." It is also what many Puerto Ricans mean when they say they are "nervous." A seizure of *mal de pelea* can often lead to violent consequences, bringing one into conflict with authority. What is singular about such behavior is its suddenness, the violence of the seizure, the person's uncommunicativeness during it. It is, apparently, not coincidental that the island has a higher rate of involuntary manslaughter than any section of the Mainland and almost three times as many deaths due to vehicular accidents.

In discussing the cultural factors which may contribute to such spasms of hysterical behavior, Rothenberg notes that the degree of formalism in the formerly colonial Puerto Rican society is such that many Puerto Ricans have a hard time handling anger and aggression. "Actually," he points out, "the superficially warm, friendly Puerto Rican is often a slightly passive, unassertive person, who at times can be moved to extreme outbursts of anger. In business relations, retail salesmen and repair persons often promise to obtain items and carry out repairs and do not carry through. Instead, promises for delivery dates are made and often broken. Such behavior is, of course, not unique to Puerto Ricans. What does seem unique is that the Puerto Rican sales or repair person is always charming and dignified. He smiles and is friendly throughout the transaction. If the customer gets overtly angry, the sales or repair person seldom responds with direct hostility. He may feel that the customer is too demanding or that his request that the item be available by a specific date is unreasonable but he seldom states this . . .

"The importance of the repressed hostility, the lack of assertiveness, and the problem of violence is that adaptive aggressiveness seems to be lacking," Rothenberg continues. ". . . The man who cannot ask for a raise at work solves nothing by wrecking his car. To be sure, problems with aggressiveness exist in abundance in the United States. In Puerto Rico, however, cultural practices support and, to a certain extent, are resultant of a personality pattern of repression and indirectness with regard to aggression. This pattern is maladaptive in a society which stresses the value of upward mobility." It is also, one might add, *maladaptive* to the needs of those Puerto Ricans whose lives become enmeshed with our public welfare systems. Or, rather, it is a perfectly awful adaptation for the unquestioning poverty status of those who have been made to think of themselves as an "under class."

### *Self-defeating Rage*

One needs only to go to any welfare office in the City of New York to witness the way in which Puerto Rican petitioners for services "sit back and just take it." If they manage to keep themselves in check, they are not likely to intimidate the various functionaries who exercise such a large degree of control over their lives. If they flare up, they are likely to be punished by the withholding of services. The Puerto Rican newcomer who wants something from the System which he has been denied and yet cannot bring himself to demand it without succumbing to a self-defeating rage (which is not the same thing as controlled anger) is suffering under a unique handicap in any well-organized bureaucratic situation. Puerto Ricans must deal with these situations continually. Their lives are, to that extent, precarious.

Much of what takes place in their deteriorating family



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situations can be reviewed as a reaction to the rebukes they regularly receive in the world we have organized for them.

The problem, of course, is poverty and the lack of benevolence of so many of the institutions which we have set up to provide relief from it. If Puerto Ricans contribute at all to such a problem, they do so by their lack of assertiveness. I have seen bullying welfare workers become angry toward Negroes whereas they generally condescend if the client is Puerto Rican. If their main problem continues to be that of acquiring reasonably stable sources of income, it is likely that they will continue to find themselves in a dilemma *vis-à-vis* authority.

For this reason some experimental social work agencies—aware of the ultimate power deficits of the Puerto Rican—are beginning to provide them with proper surrogates who can express their anger for them to the crucial functionaries without bringing on punitive acts of discretion. At Mobilization For Youth, for example, there is a store front center where Puerto Ricans can repair immediately after suffering a rebuke from one of the agencies with which they must deal.

The workers at these centers are advocates with a mandate to argue, cajole, and browbeat their opposite numbers within the service bureaucracies in the interests of their clients. In effect, they legitimize the anger of those who come to them. Rarely, do they fail to get the results in goods, money, and services which these same clients were denied. By allowing their clients to remain present throughout the encounter, they have begun to instruct them in the uses of such anger. But, from my observation, it would seem that clients come back again and again to have the same service performed, in part because of their need and because of the resistance they face and the legalisms used, but also because of the passivity which they have not yet been able to shake off.

It takes nothing away from the Puerto Rican's potential to put the immigration in this, admittedly, less-than-optimistic perspective. It does make one wonder if the organization of the Puerto Rican community with its present goals is really capable of working in the interests of all its members. Is there a commonality of interest between the second generation welfare investigator of "Spanish" descent and the Puerto Rican mother of three children receiving Aid to Dependent Children? Perhaps alliances will have to be formed with the other needy ethnic groups. Or perhaps—as Dr. Senior cannot say, being himself a spokesman—there will have to emerge a Puerto Rican intelligentsia which can begin to articulate the newcomer's excruciating dependency upon forces which he believes are really beyond his control.

Whether or not the Puerto Rican will continue to suffer for his failure to make a legitimate expression of his anger depends, in part, upon the benevolence of the rest of us. No other minority group had such long odds to contend with. No existing group has been more accommodating within recent years. But, if Dr. Senior believes they are just like all the other immigrant groups of the past, he should bear in mind that there really aren't such other immigrant groups in the present; and he has failed to explain why there has been so little of the Puerto Rican's unique existential dilemma in the form of literature or polemics, popular music, or even popular journalism. It is not coincidental that the Puerto Rican press is quite willing to translate welfare literally as *bienestar*. The Negro is struggling to regain his rights and self-respect. The Puerto Rican—having his dignity—cannot bring himself to express his anger against a cruel and exploitative milieu. But, unless he is able to do so, unless he is also able to create effective organizations which will take his anger into account, he may find his journey here a terrible and enduring ordeal. I look forward to the day when a young novelist of Puerto Rican descent tells us what it must be like to be dependent upon the New York City Department of Welfare. In the meantime, as Dr. Senior does not tell us, there are still far too many poor Puerto Rican families suffering in passivity in places like the Lower East Side.

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ROBLEY WILSON, JR.

## *ON A MAINE BEACH*

Look, in these pools, how rocks are like new change
Bearing the ocean's mint-mark. Barnacles
Miser on them; societies of snails
Hunch on their rims and think small thoughts whose strange
Salt logic rust like a mainspring, small dreams
Pinwheeling to a point and going dumb,
Small equations whose euphemistic sum
Stands for mortality. A thousand times
Tides swallow up such people, shellfish and stone
Show green and yellow shade in groves of weed;
Rocks shrink, barnacles drink, snails think they bleed
In their trapped world. Here, when the sea is gone,
It is old coins squandered under the sky,
Barnacles counting them, snails spending slow
Round lifetimes half-awake. Beach rhythms flow
In circles. Perfections teach us to die.



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THE TEN BEST

# THE SCREEN

Time to play the game again. And the selection of the Ten Best is indeed a game – for the reviewer, who can be as personal and arbitrary as he likes, and for the reader, who can object to the choices and make his own list which he frequently does. The Ten Best game can be both entertaining and instructive – for the reviewer, who must take stock of the year just finished and may have to squirm to find ten good films, and for the reader, who discovers the reviewer's preferences and gets some idea on evaluating future reviews.

The two largest trends in 1965 show up in the preponderance of war films and the unusual number of movies concerned with La Dolce Vita, the empty so-called sweet life in these our times. Since I am rather fed-up with war films, although they continue to reign in popularity, I found myself concentrating on the modern hollow-life pictures, several of which, fortunately, had up-beat endings. On the whole, there was a paucity of really good films in 1965; but the Ten Best are the ten *best;* and I had no difficulty selecting *my* ten. So without further palaver, here, not arranged in order of preference, is my list.

*Juliet of the Spirits.* Although its plot is almost soap opera, its embellishments are in a class by themselves. Director Fellini's use of color makes this the most beautiful picture of the year in spite of the shocking scenes and grotesqueries that display the errors of modern living. Giulietta Masina is superb as the upper-middle-class housewife who, thrown for a loop by her husband's infidelity, sinks into daydreams and nightmares until she learns to live with reality.

*Red Desert.* Director Antonioni also uses color expertly in describing today's wastelands and the moods of a neurotic wife (Monica Vitti) lost in this bleak world. This is pretty grim stuff, but scary and vivid enough to make us take its stern message seriously.

*Darling.* In telling the story of a self-centered, ambitious woman's rise to ironically-empty social heights, director John Schlesinger employs some brilliant cinema to expose our jet-age society. His cast, led by Julie Christie, Dirk Bogarde, and Laurence Harvey, are practically perfect, and the total effect, though unpleasant, is vastly entertaining.

*The Knack.* The year's funniest comedy is a sort of wacky lyrical poem satirizing modern youth and their tut-tutting elders. Charmingly directed by Richard Lester, Rita Tushingham and three beaming young bucks bounce around London and spout the witty dialogue as if they were having the time of their lives and didn't have a care in the world except "the knack – and how to get it."

*The Leather Boys.* Also starring that fine actress, Rita Tushingham, and concentrating on today's youth in the motorcycle set, this warm and ruthless tragi-comedy tells a grim story of marriage that goes sour because its young people don't understand love or responsibility. Also outstanding in this touching tale are Colin Campbell as the groom and Dudley Sutton as his homosexual friend.

*King Rat.* An excellent cast, under director Bryan Forbes who wrote the screenplay for James Clavell's novel, play out the disturbing story of the fight for survival in a Japanese P.O.W. camp. It's not a nice story; neither are the camp's living conditions, the prisoners-under-stress, or their fallen standards. But this portrait of the human jungle makes this the best war film of the year.

*Doctor Zhivago.* Carlo Ponti's handsome production, David Lean's thoughtful direction, Robert Bolt's admirable script (which condenses but retains the spirit of Pasternak's novel) have made this into a stirring, old-fashioned film in the Russian epic tradition. It moves slowly, but effectively captures the feel of place and period: Russia during World War I and the Revolution. Its sensitively played characters are engrossing – particularly the poetic doctor (Omar Sharif), his mistress (Julie Christie), and his half-brother (Alec Guinness).

*Trial of Joan of Arc.* Using dialogue from Joan's trial, director Robert Bresson has made an austere but haunting film about the saint, a film that deserves re-seeing again and again, and becomes more impressive with each seeing. Without being pedantic, it is history happening before your eyes and a worthy memorial to St. Joan.

*The Eleanor Roosevelt Story.* This documentary film, written by Archibald MacLeish and directed by Richard Kaplan, is another worthy memorial. It tells a moving story of ugly-duckling-into-swan; and, while the last part of the film is less interesting cinematically because of its familiar newsreel shots, the first part is a gem of cinematic biography. But perhaps because the early Eleanor Roosevelt story is so heartbreaking, the swan last half is all the more effective.

*To Die in Madrid.* Another documentary; this one about the Spanish Civil War, which is told from newsreels and film clips so well compiled by Frederic Rossif and accompanied by a well-read narration that the



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whole becomes a tragic epic poem not glorifying war but presenting it as it is. PHILIP T. HARTUNG

**STAGING OLD MOVIES**

# THE STAGE

When I was a boy, during the bad years, English play-reviewers seemed to spend most of their published lives comparing Sir So-and-so's Hamlet and Dame What's-her-name's Ophelia with the last 300 interpretations of the same parts, dating back to Beerbohm Tree and the incomparable Mrs. Patrick Campbell, who of course smoked twelve cigars a night and played the role in riding breeches.

There is nothing over here to compare with the great English Shakespeare hang-up (nothing to compare with Shakespeare either, of course) but our theater has been inching stealthily backward, all the same, trying out various golden ages and fending off the "new-thing" in all its phases. Along with the downright revivals like "The Country Wife" and "You Can't Take It With You," we have had this year a gaudy slew of rose-in-teeth period-musicals ("Anya," "The Man from La Mancha") and period-rigmaroles ("The Rt. Hon. Gent.," "Royal Hunt of the Sun," "Hogan's Goat") all of which take various advantage of the florid language, moral seriousness and pretty costumes that went out respectively under Coolidge, Harding and Gladstone.

A more interesting development yet is the emergence of the play that is written to look like an old movie. This was bound to happen to a generation of writers that was raised at the Roxy. But when it also happens to an old stager like Abe Burrows, working from a French script, you may have the makings of a trend.

"Cactus Flower" is the old Rosalind Russell movie where the starchy career-girl turns out to be all-woman, and her Lothario boss sees what a fool he has been; in the final scene her tweeds are ceremonially burned and the boss's little black book is thrown on the pyre. Some of the appurtenances have been brought up to date (e.g. in the famous revelatory night-club scene she does the swim instead of the cha-cha or the bunny hug) but the gags are identical and so is the point of view. Lauren Bacall is one of the last of the hoydenish movie girls anyway and she plays the grand old part about as well as it can be played. And if you don't like it, fine with me—but there may be a slight test of sincerity involved here: because this seems to me absolutely no better and no worse than most of those old Hollywood comedies that people affect to dote on. A good deal of camp-bluff might be called by a few more mutations of this kind. (*At the Royale*)

Another thirtyish piece, a playlet called "Veronica" by John White, has turned out to be one of the pleasant small surprises of the season. The bill is headed by something called "Bugs," which is best ignored: a case of a playwright misreading the sign on the door and stumbling into the wrong genre. "Bugs" is a Pinteresque fable with symbols the size of picture-windows, told in flat unevocative language, and is manifestly not the kind

THE OTHER DAY A VISITOR EXPRESSED HIS CONCERN
UPON SEEING THAT ONE OF OUR BUILDINGS
WAS UPSIDE DOWN.
WE ASSURED HIM THERE WAS NO CAUSE FOR ALARM
AND THAT IT WAS A PERFECTLY COMMON OCCURRENCE.
AT NAZARETH EVERYTHING MOVES.

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Kalamazoo, Michigan

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Chestnut Hill
Pennsylvania
*Conducted by the Sisters of St. Joseph*
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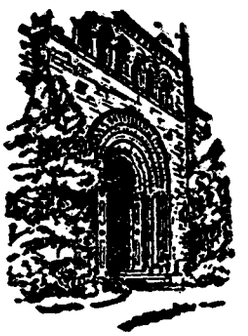
*Prospective students should make early application*





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of thing that comes naturally to this author.

"Veronica" is about a couple of song-writers trying desperately to dream up a hit (possibly in the same mood in which Mr. White dreamed up "Bugs"). The lyric-writer is in trouble because he has married a serious girl who has put him on to *angst*, and he wants to work it into every song.

This theme (the last drying up of lyricism in a tense, sneaky age) could have been handled in numerous black or modishly ironic styles, and the still warm memory of "Bugs" did not inspire complete confidence. But Mr. White has felicitously stuck to the goofy mode of the old song-writing movie and has made all his points within that frame. "Give me a b-flat" cries Bernard Grant and he and Ralph Bell rush manically to the keyboard, looking like all the song-writers in all the hotel rooms, in the days when that myth still counted for something. *Angst* is finally overcome in a burst of June-lagoon euphoria, which is absolutely right, as pure an ending as you'll see this year.

This willingness to stay in a minor key, to avoid inflation and the mixing of forms, bespeaks a nice sensitiveness. You have to believe in the theater to believe that a minor play like this is worth doing. "Veronica" is not the usual flawed monster, but a perfect miniature.

(*At the Pocket Theater*)

Skipping suspiciously over "Anya," which has to be a joke (but which doesn't even make much sense as a joke), we come to "Hogan's Goat." This is certainly the most intriguing of the recent anachronisms, but it deserves fuller contemplation than there seems to be room for, so maybe we'd better postpone it to a later column.

WILFRID SHEED

# BOOKS

## *That ol' time religion of success*

***Apostles of the Self-Made Man***

JOHN G. CAWELTI

*University of Chicago Press, $6.95*

***The American Gospel of Success***

EDIT. MOSES RISCHIN

*Quadrangle, $7.95*

**HARRIS DIENSTFREY**

The dream of success in America has had a long history, one that is probably coincident with the Republic itself. These two books are an attempt to chart the changes in this history and to see where the ideals of American success stand today.

John Cawelti's *Apostles of the Self-made Man* is a survey of the different ways Americans have conceived of success. The book is basically a close reading of texts, from self-help handbooks to serious works of the imagination. Mr. Cawelti argues that aside from several founding fathers – in particular, Jefferson and Franklin, who took a social view of the matter – Americans have seen success primarily in terms of individual triumph. The nature of these terms was supplied at first by the Protestant ethic, which declared that one proved one's salvation by making a profit, and then, in the nineteenth century, by the secular ethic of the business world, which declared that one should just make a profit. Cawelti believes that the new organizational forms of business and the general conditions of twentieth-century American life now demand that Americans develop a community-oriented view of success. He suggests we look back to Jefferson as amended by Dewey.

Moses Rischin's *The American Gospel of Success* is an anthology of readings that emphasizes the social context and determinants of success. Among other things, the book contains sources that outline the 19th-century secularization of the Protestant ethic that Mr. Cawelti describes. As a whole, the anthology is put together extremely well. Not just a loose collection of pieces all somehow related to a central subject (the approach of most current readers, whose final result is a dismal welter of opinions), *The American Gospel of Success* has a firm (if not always clear) point of view, and is a book that can be read as a book, from beginning to end.

The focus is slightly different than in *Apostles of the Self-made Man*. Rischin provides more discussion on the social and business changes that he, like Cawelti, believes have occurred in the twentieth century. (David Riesman is one of his key guides here.) He also devotes considerable space to texts concerning the long list of "outsiders" (Jews, Catholics, women, Negroes, farmers, Italians, the Irish, the working class, Indians) who generally were excluded from the 19th-century patterns of success.

Nonetheless, the upshot of the two books is very much the same: that times and especially business have changed and the country's ideals of success must change also, and to a degree already have.

The question that neither raises is



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whether the business world necessarily determines the pattern of American success, or, to put it another way, whether business is always the place to look for the American pattern of success. Back of this unasked question are more fundamental issues. Why has success been from the outset an American ideal? What does it mean to an American to be a success? Cawelti and Rischin have looked to define the kinds of success Americans have wanted. They have not asked why Americans have wanted it (perhaps they themselves are too American to have thought of the question) or what Americans believed would be theirs when they were successes.

Put this way, the issue of American success takes one directly into the heart of (for want of a better term) the American dream. Intrinsic to this dream – to the whole American ethos – is the belief that any man can be President, which is to say can get to the top, and that, conversely, getting there is part of every man's inheritance. This is one of the things it means to be an American, to believe that one can get to the top – and the more innocent the American, the stronger the belief he more or less necessarily will, and the wilder the bitterness when he does not.

In the nineteenth century, the primary way to get to the top appears to have centered on the business world. But the dream of achieving a pinnacle of airy majesty was not exclusive to businessmen. In 1875, Mark Twain began his reminiscences in *Old Times on the Mississippi* with the comment: "When I was a boy, there was but one permanent ambition among my comrades in our village on the west bank of the Mississippi River. That was, to be a steamboatman." Twain later explains that he did not want to be just any steamboatman but specifically a pilot, "in those days, . . .the only unfettered and entirely independent human being that lived in the earth." This is Twain writing of the dream of the top entertained in the 1850's by young boys who lived in the Mississippi valley.

It is a dream no different in kind from the one with which Norman Mailer, some seventy-five years later, began *Advertisement for Myself:* "Like many another vain, empty, and bullying body of our times, I have been running for President these last ten years." The voice is different, the hope is the same, and it is no less expressive of Mailer's immediate culture than Twain's was of his.

Sometime in the twentieth-century, however, the world of business stopped serving as American society's general repository of its ideals of success. Cawelti and Rischin obliquely point to this change when they discuss the shift from capitalistic entrepreneurs to organization men. But the ideals of success did not thereby die, they only found other homes and other forms – in particular, the world of mass entertainment and in the movies themselves. I doubt that the dream and fear of individual success ever were expressed as powerfully during the nineteenth century as they were in the great genre movies of the early film, the western and the gangster movie (the latter of which had a protagonist, as Robert Warshow said, whose whole career was "a drive for success"). Perhaps the most resonant expression of what it means for Americans to be at the top is offered by the superb 1957 film *Sweet Smell of Success* – directed by Alexander Mackendrick and written by Clifford Odets – when the protagonist, a conniving, viciously manipulative, yet curiously innocent Broadway public-relations man, speaks of getting up there "where the air is balmy."

Is this ideal now in danger of dying? In focusing primarily on the business world, neither Mr. Cawelti nor Mr. Rischin offer much evidence one way or the other. But if it were to die, then much that is fine and extraordinary in American life is likely to die with it. For in essence, this is the ideal expressed in the image so many settlers and builders of America used to describe their country and their hope, "the garden of the world," an image (as Leo Marx has demonstrated in *The Machine in the Garden*) that is still prevalent in our literature and the national consciousness. The American dream of success is the hope of finding Eden.

## *The White Tribes of Africa*

RICHARD WEST

*Macmillan, $6.95*

**EDWARD HICKMAN BROWN**

The singular feature of this account of a British journalist's first tour of Africa is its freedom from the conventional prejudices of either the left or the right. Richard West might best be described as a liberal with his feet on the ground. He has an observant eye, and writes fluently. A fair proportion of his time was spent in discussing their situation with the whites he encountered in sixteen African countries, and he brought to this task an obvious enthusiasm and a willingness to seek out widely differing viewpoints. But the book is padded with far too many irrelevant—and often silly—fragments of the resulting conversations, mostly attributed to anonymous donors.

A brief history of each country is also provided, and the strongest chapters are those dealing with Ethiopia, Tanganyika, Uganda, Kenya, Gambia and the former French possessions—countries where there either never was much tension or where the independence issue has been resolved and comparatively little tension remains. Mr. West is kindest to the French, of the former colonial powers, and, of the whites presently active in Africa, awards top marks for civility and usefulness to the Israelis.

He is far less certain where Rhodesia, South Africa, the Portuguese territories and the Congo are concerned. The complexity of the particular racial conflict in each of these countries, plus the brevity of his visits, makes this understandable. He is perhaps correct in finding the Rhodesian whites to be least deserving of sympathy, but it is a shallow judgment to believe that they, alone, wrecked the very worthwhile attempt at federation several years ago.

The special problems of South Africa can hardly be gauged in one short visit



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to the Johannesburg area, nor can they be adequately treated in 23 pages. The contradictions and errors are those of a single, swift impression and do not merit detailing. But Mr. West's amazement at the integrity of the English-language South African press—he judges it to be "the finest in the world"—and such editors as the *Rand Daily Mail*'s Laurence Gandar, correctly described as "a man of steadfast courage and honesty," is scarcely surprising. People in Britain have a grotesque ignorance of this and the other manifestations of the protest from within, as he points out—and so do people in the United States.

John Bulmer's unimaginative photographs—generally of assorted whites in a variety of mechanical poses—might advantageously have been replaced by a simple map of Africa, showing the situation of each of the countries visited. For this book should appeal most to the general reader with interest in, but scant knowledge of, the continent, perhaps the individual who has felt the itch to undertake a similar journey himself. And whereas he will not learn much that is valid or lasting about its so-called white tribes, these reflections in the African mirror, as glimpsed and recorded by Richard West, will afford a reasonably accurate outline of the no longer slumbering giant itself.

### *At Play in the Fields of the Lord*

PETER MATTHIESEN

*Random House, $5.95*

**THOMAS CURLEY**

"In the days of the Ancestors . . . there was no death among mankind. There were no old people and no floods, no scorpions and no mosquitoes, no famine and no pain; nor did the vipers possess venom. Jaguar was a friend to Man and hunted with him, and both were creatures of darkness, for there was no light: the Sun lived on the far side of the World.

" 'But a son of man married a daughter of Jaguar, and Jaguar, displeased, killed the man. Then the kinsmen of man slew Jaguar and his wife. The Ancestor then sent a messenger in the form of man. The People must choose eternal darkness and eternal life, or light and death. The people were angry that they must choose and reviled the messenger and killed him. Then a voice came from the heavens: 'You have chosen. You shall have light and death.' "

The scene is the Amazon jungle in, I think, Peru, the fields of the Lord in which Mr. Matthiesen has let his characters loose to play; the time, the recent past. The light and death chosen ages before, came to the Niaruna Indian in the person of four white missionaries (two couples), a Catholic priest and a pair of soldiers of fortune down on their luck, one of whom, an American Indian named Lewis Moon, attempts to save the Niaruna from the particular light and death represented by Christianity and Western civilization. But before Moon begins his attempt, we are treated to more than a


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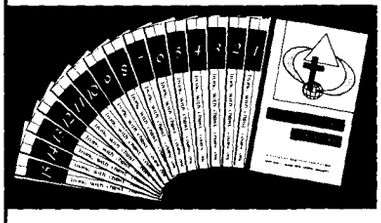

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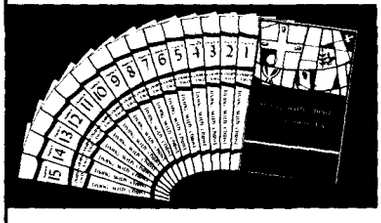

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hundred pages of comic richness as the newly arrived Protestant couple meet in turn their co-religionists, Padre Xantes, the rowdy, drunken soldiers of fortune and the natives of Madre de Dios. What a name, one of the missionaries thinks. Just "suppose some Catholic had come along and changed the name of Chippewa Flats to Mother of God, North Dakota?" But Madre de Dios is a dirty, lecherous spot and Matthiesen has a lot of fun embarrassing the fundamentalists Without our knowing it, the game has already begun in the fields of the Lord.

Lewis Moon is the main actor, since it is he who undertakes to foil the "Christers" and the government but at times one of the missionaries, Martin Quarrier, almost upstages him. Quarrier's steady, stupid honesty, at first ridiculous, becomes exasperating and then, despite oneself, so admirable, that when he loses his son to the jungle, suffers defeat and then death, one is forced to remember that it is Lewis Moon we are asked to keep our eyes on. I don't know whether Matthiesen intended this, and it doesn't much matter, since it contributes to the richness of the novel in the sense that it makes an otherwise virtuoso parody of missionaries and do-gooders a serious and ambiguous achievement.

Moon, a half-breed himself, hates the white man's culture with its hypocrisy and stupid, dull religiosity. Matthiesen even has the priest deliver a short sermon on what "we" might learn for the Indian. ". . . they do not seek for meaning: they *are*. They are not *heavy* the way we are, they are light as the air; their being is a mere particle of the universe, like a leaf or wing of dragonfly or wisp of cloud. Unlike ourselves, they are eternal." Yes, yes, Padre, but it is the heaviest man of all, Martin Quarrier, who stands against Moon and forces us to question the latter's romanticism.

I don't know where Matthiesen stands (I suspect with Moon) but only bad critics nag at that question. To my mind, Moon, who survives and who at the end is, to himself, ". . . neither white nor Indian, man nor animal, but some mute, naked strand of protoplasm" is less memorable than the thick, clumsy Quarrier who dies under a "Christian" Indian's machete. In the fields of the Lord, Quarrier's work is "play for mortal stakes," as Frost has it, whereas Lewis Moon is only a minor deity in the Romantic pantheon.

I have emphasized what I think is the dramatic core of the novel, but there is much more to it than that. Matthiesen seems to know his Indians and their culture at first hand; he has also created a character in Wolfie, Moon's companion, who speaks fair to middlin' Stengelese. It's been a long while since I've read a new novel I enjoyed as much.

### *Crossroads to Israel*

CHRISTOPHER SYKES

*World, $7.95*

### *Mandate Memories, 1918-1948*

NORMAN & HELEN BENTWICH

*Schocken, $6.95*

**GABRIEL GERSH**

There already exists an enormous literature about the Palestine conflict, and, as Mr. Sykes admits, he has taken a risk in adding yet another attempt to disentangle the complexities of Britain's relations with Zionism and the Arab opposition. But Mr. Sykes undertakes his task with distinct advantages over other writers. He is the son of Sir Mark Sykes of the Sykes-Picot Agreement, which, in 1916, divided the Arab world (excluding Saudi Arabia) into French and British spheres of influence.

Besides access to his father's papers, he also had the use of the archives of the British Mandatory Administration from 1918 to 1948. He was in the Middle East in World War II, and through his studies of Wingate and Weizmann, was familiar with the Zionist movement. These are important assets in a book which, in spite of an *apparent* historical objectivity, is a personally charged study of the Palestine conflict.

One of the most important questions in Mr. Sykes' book is: why did a British government in 1917 declare (in the famous Balfour Declaration) its readiness to promote "the establishment in Palestine of a national home for the Jewish people"? Mr. Sykes can only half answer his own question. He cannot say why the Prime Minister, Lloyd George,


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approved the notion, though he suspects that winning the support of American Jewry for Britain in World War I influenced his decision.

But he can tell us why the Foreign Secretary, Arthur Balfour, was sufficiently inspired by the Zionist vision to press the prospect of a Jewish homeland in Palestine on the Cabinet. Balfour was a cultured and determined man. He believed that the Jews were "the most gifted race to appear on the earth since the ancient Greeks" and that their genius would be thwarted and misdirected unless they were re-established in the Promised Land. He was aware that 700,000 Arabs were already in that land and he hoped that their rights would always be upheld. He even agreed that it was morally wrong to impose Zionism on the Arabs without their consent, but he declared with firmness that Zionism was "of far profounder import" than "the desires and prejudices" of the present inhabitants.

No British Minister was ever franker about Palestine than Balfour. Given another period of history, successive British governments might have managed to impose on Zionists and Arabs some compromise scheme that would have kept them dissatisfied but quiescent. What happened was that just such compromise schemes were imposed, but in world conditions completely unsuitable for them.

Mr. Sykes shows us that most of the Arabs had little, if any, sense of national identity before World War I. They blindly trusted in leaders largely self-appointed, uncompromising and rigid in their opposition, and they ruined their own case by political miscalculations, by a misplaced contempt for their Jewish opponents, and by their murderous and self-destructive rivalries. As for the Zionists, they were moved by an ideology more hopeful than realistic and although their moral position was weak, they received a measure of strength from British goodwill until the 1930's. Thereafter, isolated and made desperate by one catastrophe after another in Europe, they responded with discipline and aggressiveness to their misfortunes and fought with skillful determination.

Mr. Sykes rightly regards 1938 as the turning point of Zionism. If the great powers meeting at the Evian Conference had agreed to offer asylum in their own countries to the Jewish refugees from Hitler, there might be no Israel today. By barring the Jews, the great powers insured that a Jewish battle for Palestine would ensue and Jewish violence provide what Christian callousness had refused.

Mr. Sykes does not believe that any statesman, or any member of the many Royal Commissions that examined the rival claims to Palestine, ever managed to rebut the Arab contention that the Jews had no right to be there. He also agrees that the Arabs came near to the truth when they argued that the West used Palestine as a Jewish home because they disliked having the Jews in their midst.

If the Arabs had presented their case with skill and tenacity, Zionism might have been fatally affected. As it is, when one juxtaposes the inspired lead-


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ership of Weizmann and the best Palestinian Arabs could find for a leader, namely Haj Amin, the Mufti of Jerusalem, Zionist righteousness at once outshines its rival. Weizmann, completely single-minded but seldom immoderate, a man whose stature is enhanced by the human frailties of premature despair and joy, refused even at moments of deep exasperation to abandon his respect and affection for the British. The sly Mufti, steeped in his own duplicity, could never overcome his conviction in the myth of a British plot against the Arabs supported by an international Jewish conspiracy.

Because of Jewish leaders like Weizmann and others, the nightmare fear of vanishing from the earth has been lifted from the Jewish mind, and has been replaced by what Mr. Sykes calls "the buoyant extrovert happy sense of good purpose in life." For all his fastidiously controlled impartiality, Mr. Sykes admires this manifestation of the unconquerable human spirit, this triumph of the imagination over stupidity and cruelty, and it is for this reason that he has given us, not an indictment, but a work of solace and hope.

The reminiscences of Mandatory Palestine by Norman and Helen Bentwich make good supplementary reading to Mr. Sykes' story. Prof. Bentwich was a senior member of the British Administration, already officially concerned with the Middle East when he first talked to T. E. Lawrence in 1913, and always an advocate of Arab-Jewish understanding.

In his third excursion into autobiography, concluded in 1963, he recreates much of the atmosphere of that era through letters that his wife Helen Bentwich wrote at the time. Others, including Ronald Storrs, Dr. Weizmann and Robert Graves, gave valuable descriptions of "how it was," but none of them, either because of their circumstances or time of service, could convey the day-to-day experience so expertly. The two authors of this book bring insight, humor, experience and compassion to a disturbing subject.

Inevitably there are many places in the narrative where the authors are obliged to face hateful events. They never gloss over the dark aspects of mandate life, and Prof. Bentwich again tells the dismal story of how he was used by the British government as a sacrifice to prejudice, regardless of his long and distinguished service in the administration. Without self-pity, but with impressive indignation, he recalls that challenge to his loyalty. The major merit of the book is the picture it gives of a safe and vanished world, in which one could be common-sensical and moderate in outlook under British rule. For those acquainted with Palestine during this interlude, the authors evoke nostalgic memories.

### *Asquith*

ROY JENKINS

*Chilmark Press, $7.95*

**NICHOLAS R. CLIFFORD**

This is primarily a political biography, and in dealing with the man who was the last real Liberal Prime Minister, it inevitably raises one of the most fascinating questions of modern British history: why did the old Liberalism fail?

Here was a party which could encompass such diverse types as Gladstone, Rosebery, Morley, Lloyd George, Grey and Asquith himself, and which in 1906 had won an overwhelming victory at the polls. It survived both elections in 1910, and Asquith was Prime Minister for a longer period than any man since the almost forgotten Liverpool in the early nineteenth century. Yet a few years after Versailles the Liberals were no more than a third party, and despite brave statements and a small increase in strength in the last few elections, only the most optimistic of their supporters can now pretend that they have any future as a major party.

Why did they collapse? As long ago as 1932, the Frenchman Elie Halévy (perhaps still the greatest of the historians of nineteenth-century



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England) pointed to the rising tide of violence that threatened to engulf England before the outbreak of the war: the growing militancy of the trades unions, the tactics of the suffragettes (a pre-Gandhian civil rights movement which used arson, bombs, and suicide), and above all the willingness of the Ulster Protestants to resort to violence, along with their Unionist allies in England and their Nationalist enemies in Ireland.

Another historian, George Dangerfield, leaves his readers with the feeling that the war on the continent came just in time to save England from a possible breakdown in parliamentary government and civil war. Yet another, Keith Hutchison, argues that the Liberal Party reformed itself out of existence: Lloyd George's declaration of a "War on poverty" capped a period of Liberal Social reform and meant that no further advance was possible short of socialism.

Mr. Jenkins (whose earlier work has dealt with the great fight of 1910 between Lloyd George and the House of Lords) does not go that far. He takes a rather relaxed view of pre-war Britain; if those years were not as bright as some nostalgic critics of the present would have us believe, they were not as dark as Mr. Dangerfield (and, it might be added, some other writers from the ranks of Mr. Jenkin's own Labor Party) suggest.

No doubt there was the danger of civil war in Ireland, if not in England, when the Home Rule Bill was about to receive its third reading over the protests of the now impotent House of Lords in the summer of 1914; no doubt there was a new spirit of militancy in the British labor movement, although this, it seems, had reached its peak in 1911 and 1912. Nevertheless, Mr. Jenkins argues convincingly that the Liberal Party under Asquith was a far more flexible instrument of social and political change than some of its critics have given it credit for.

Why did it die then? The question is never directly answered, but the villains are clear enough. One was a personal villain—David Lloyd George—and the other impersonal—the Great War. Together they were too much for Asquith and the sort of Liberalism he represented. Asquith held the Cabinet together during the crisis of August 1914, but with the war came difficulties and divisions, made worse by the irresponsible attacks of the Northcliffe press. The military setbacks of 1915 led to the formation of a coalition with its inevitable compromises. In 1916 a conscription bill was fought through; this, and the repression of the Easter Rising in Dublin, were both severe violations of the old Liberal principles. In June, Lord Kitchener was drowned, and Lloyd George moved to the War Office. With a woman's intuition, Margot Asquith wrote: "We are out: it can only be a question of time now when we shall have to leave Downing Street." She was right, and six months later Asquith was out of office, a bystander watching the genius of Lloyd George direct the war and gain credit for victory over the Kaiser.

Even then, Asquith continued to


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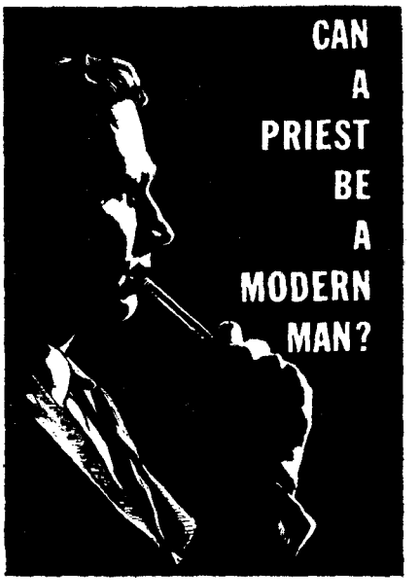


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hope for a return of his party to power. But in the first post-war election—the "coupon" election—Asquith himself was defeated, and his followers could only win 26 seats as the coalition came back with 474. In 1920, he made a triumphal return, at Paisley, in Western Scotland. But, as Mr. Jenkins says, it was a false dawn; the short-lived post-war boom was over, and the disheartening spectacle of dying industry and mounting unemployment began to be seen. In 1923 the Unionists fell, and with Liberal support, the first Labor government came to power under Ramsay MacDonald.

The Liberals had been defeated—by the war, whose violence they were not equipped to deal with, and by the post-war depression, for whose problems they had no solution. British politics were becoming polarized; on the right a tough and determined Conservative Party, ready to fight for the preservation of privilege in the new world which it could not understand, and on the left a Labor Party, timid and unsure of itself while in office, but backed by an equally tough and determined labor movement led by such able men as Ernest Bevin and Walter Citrine, ready to fight for a portion of the privilege which it had earned. This was no world for the old Liberals; Asquith died in 1928, and although Lloyd George lived on until 1945, never again was he—or any of his followers—close to power.

## REVIEWERS

THOMAS CURLEY *is the author of the novel,* Past Eve and Adam's, *and a regular reviewer of fiction.*

HARRIS DIENSTFREY, *a previous contributor, is an editor at the Center for Urban Education.*

EDWARD HICKMAN BROWN *is an Englishman who has spent most of his life in South Africa. He contributes regularly to* Saturday Review.

GABRIEL GERSH *has contributed frequent articles on Middle Eastern affairs to these pages.*

NICHOLAS R. CLIFFORD *teaches in the history department at Princeton University.*

# CORRESPONDENCE

(*Continued from page 391*)

seriously on the Manhattan campus and on balance the college cannot be classed as part of the "antique operations" of the Church.

The seizure of the paper was in a sense a gesture since half of the edition had been distributed the day before; the article in question was factually untrue (as was admitted by its author) and, more to the point, was in embarrassingly poor taste even to the student body which failed to give support to the resigning editors.

C. Luke Salm, F.S.C., head of the Manhattan College Theology Department, speaking at the Alumni's Century Club dinner this fall called for the Catholic college to help *make* Church history rather than merely teaching courses in Church history. He urged forward positions on population growth, urbanization, space exploration and all the new situations of the twenty-first century that the Church will have to evangelize.

He also asserted that only the college can combine resources of philosophy, theology and engineering to provide creative experiments in the Christianization of a technological society. At Manhattan, he pointed out, the traditional Church history course had been replaced by a kind of "history-in-the making," a relatively advanced theological education taught by a full-time department of brothers, priests and laymen.

Brother Luke concluded "it is up to us to experiment with new forms that will enable the Church to embrace the secular with love rather than fight or ignore it."

Surely Mr. Leo could find enough solace in such a program to forbear stigmatizing the college because of an equivocal incident of suppression of a paper which traditionally has had as much latitude in print as Mr. Leo himself.

GEORGE A. SHEEHAN



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